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WORDSWORTH'S AND TENNYSON'S
PORTRAITURE OF WOMAN.

BY S. ADAMS LEE.

IT has been said that "flattery is the key to all hearts." If this is true poets should have ready access to the heart of woman. She has been the theme of song in all countries possessing a written language and a literature. In the days of Grecian and Roman prosperity she had little social influence, and in the poetry of those times she is never the subject of adulation. She must, however, bear some part in the action of life, and Helen, of Troy, the wise Penelope, and the passionate Dido became conspicuous as affecting the aims and interests of men. The muses then expressed themselves in stately epic strains. The adventures of heroes, their wars, and the intercourse of the gods with men were the chief subjects of the poets.

In the age of chivalry woman was worshiped with extravagant devotion, and knights and troubadours sounded her name throughout Christendom. When the light of a purer Christianity dawned upon the world one of its first effects was more perfectly to adjust all human relations. Woman then began to advance toward the high place she now *justly* occupies in the social scale; and we find in poetry a juster appreciation of her virtues and her claims. No woman of true sensibility can read the praises of her sex by modern poets without the wish to be worthy of the consecration she has received from them.

Wordsworth has, perhaps, said more beautiful things of her than any one among these gifted sons of Genius. The primitive influences that surrounded him must have been peculiarly happy, and we find in De Quincey's *Miscellanies* interesting pictures of his wife and sister. Wordsworth's reference to the latter in his poems is frequent and affectionate. She shared

in his pleasures and sympathized with his labors, and she seems in some measure to have been the inspirer of his genius. He more than once acknowledged the influence she exerted over his intellect and his heart; and in the "Lines Composed Above Tintern Abbey" he pays her an admiring tribute which will forever associate her image with one of the noblest effusions of his muse. His wife, although less gifted, possessed in a high degree that kind of imagination which enjoys and appreciates poetic creations. She could not write poetry, but she could admire and feel it. Wordsworth speaks of her with great tenderness and delicacy, and in the prelude to the "White Doe of Rylstone" we have a glimpse of the beauty and gentleness of her character. Living daily in such companionship it is not strange that the poet has given us in his writings women of exquisite loveliness, endowed with all gracious and graceful impulses, moving in harmony with their appropriate spheres, and charming us by native simplicity and dignity.

In his lines, "She was a Phantom of Delight," we see the ideal woman. First he paints her ethereal beauty—she is a lovely apparition, a dancing shape, an image gay—

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

On nearer view she is

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

We should think, from the character of Words-

worth's poetry, that his life had been a happy one, undisturbed by the sorrows and passions which have agitated many in whose souls burned the sacred fire of poesy. He seems to dwell apart, not in proud isolation, but with the meekness of true greatness to sympathize with his fellow-men, his ear ever open to

"The still, sad music of humanity,"

while his pen draws from the natural world and from the lowly walks of life lessons of the deepest beauty and wisdom. How truly his eye reads the varying face of Nature, and how responsive is his heart to all her influences! She seems like a friend with whom he has deep and genuine sympathy. There is no sickly sentimentality in this feeling, for Wordsworth is never false to Nature or the impression she makes upon a reflective and finely-organized soul. Not only does the sounding cataract and the gloomy wood "haunt him like a passion," but a chance sight of golden daffodils fluttering in the Summer breeze returns to give happiness long afterward,

"For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

He sees three persons on a bridge leading to a mill dancing to the stray notes of music which float to them from the shore, and how beautiful the teaching he draws from it:

"They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee;

Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall find;
Thus a rich, loving kindness, redundantly kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth."

But it was not our intention to write a criticism upon Wordsworth's poetry; we only wished to call attention to what he has said of woman. The poet refers to an early love, we know not whether of his imagination or his heart, in the lines written of Lucy:

"A lovelier flower
On earth was never seen."

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

She died, and we are inclined to think her a real being from the natural feelings he expresses. He traveled among unknown men, in lands beyond the sea, and yet England became more and more dear, because by its firesides she had dwelt, and its green fields were the last her eyes had looked upon. He writes of her two

simple lines, but to one from whom death has taken the precious treasure of the heart they are full of meaning:

"But she is in her grave, and O,
The difference to me!"

In "Ruth" we have an unpretending female creation that fills our hearts with tenderness and our eyes with tears. From this ballad, in which pathos and beauty are most affectingly blended, we turn to "Laodamia," and here again is the suffering woman. In this fine poem we are carried back to the heroic age of Grecian adventure, there to acknowledge the power of woman's deep and fervent love, and to feel the tie that binds us to the past in the fellowship of similar sorrows and passions. What joy when Laodamia's sacrifices are recompensed and her husband reappears to her! and how calm, from suppressed agony, seem her words as she pleads with him to stay with her! He replies with the serenity of one divested of mortal passions, and his soothing counsels are full of noble and pure philosophy. All that is elevating and grand in the pagan idea of a future state the poet has here brought before us in lines the melancholy music of which dwells long and sadly in the heart. But what arguments can console a frail child of earth who only fears that the unrelenting fates will a second time bear her husband to the shades below? When the dread summons comes she shrieks aloud—

"He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay."

How different was the gloomy faith of the ancients from the bright anticipations Christianity permits! Death does not reunite Laodamia to her consort, but for having loved unreasonably she is doomed, till the sin is purged, to dwell apart from the happy ghosts and from the pensive pleasures of Elysium.

The saintly Emily, in "The White Doe of Rylstone," is a striking contrast to Laodamia. She is a pure and tender flower, broken by the sudden driving tempest. Time passes, and she meekly raises her head again amid the desolations of her home and her heart—

"A soul by force of sorrow high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity."

One reads in her face the stern effects of grief, yet it can not

"Lose utterly the tender gleams
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving kindness ever bright."

Her thoughts dwell with God, and she remains on earth only as a blessed pilgrim, whose presence reminds all of the sacred uses of sorrow in leading in the way of holiness. The painfulness of this affecting tale is relieved by the introduction of the tradition of the White Doe, and we do not recollect in English poetry another as beautiful exaltation of animal nature. The Doe divides our affections with the Robin Redbreast, of nursery memory; that bird,

"To man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children
So painfully in the wood."

In the picture of Margaret, in the first book of "The Excursion," we see another phase of human sorrow. How beautifully it is said of her,

"She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleaded rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts!"

Wordsworth has so often given us the female character as shown in suffering that one might think he had especial pleasure in the pathetic side of life. This is not true, for where shall we find poetic creations of such brightness and gayety as in his lines "To a Highland Girl," "Louisa," and the "Solitary Reaper?"

The true poet sees the alternate light and shade of human events; he knows that night as well as day make up the fullness of earthly years, and that, while he shows us the glad tidings of the sunlight, he must not neglect the solemn teachings of darkness and the stars. Every-where in Wordsworth's poetry we see his reverence for woman. He delights to picture her virtues, especially when found in lowly stations, and in throwing around them the soft beauty of his contemplative imagination. A wandering Jewish woman, with her children, can give to the spot where he meets them a gleam

"Of Palestine, of glory past
And proud Jerusalem."

To him a female beggar is

"A creature
Beautiful to see—a weed of glorious future."

There is nothing conventional about his women. They breathe the free air of heaven, and both body and soul are molded by the influences of the outer world. They do not need the excitement of fashionable life or the stimulus of fashionable fictions to give happiness. Their pleasures are "in the wild woods gathered," or in the quiet discharge of daily duty.

Wordsworth's pen, skillful in delineating female character under the guidance of true and natural impulses, or as developed by suffering, is equally happy in portraying the living presence of beauty in form and feature. In the "Triad" he paints three lovely women. We know not which is the most attractive. If such beings were actual denizens of earth, and embraced in the circle of the poet's companionship, we are not surprised that he exclaims,

"Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours."

We have, perhaps, written enough to show that no other modern poet has more justly appreciated the angelic character or more beautifully drawn the graces and perfections of woman. Byron was a worshiper of female beauty, but the moral loveliness of truth and goodness is not made to shine forth in his feminine creations. They possess all earthly charms, but no light falls on them from the sky—they have no impress of heavenly grace. His genius could mold the beautiful clay so as to please the eye and imagination, but in contemplating the exquisite workmanship our idea of womanly nature is not raised, nor our feelings, by sympathy with its heroism and purity, chastened and elevated.

In Tennyson's delineation of woman we have an almost ethereal delicacy united with the deepest human tenderness. While we acknowledge the surpassing loveliness of his pictures, we feel that Wordsworth, more than any other poet of our day, merits the high praise of having shown

"How divine a thing
A woman may be made."

It may be pleasant for the admirers of Tennyson, and their name is legion, to look with us upon some of his female creations and learn, if possible, what is his ideal of womanhood. We are not acquainted with his social surroundings, and we can not tell from what *realities* he has obtained his ideas of female excellence. His sister, he says, was fair as good, and we infer she was worthy to be the betrothed of the friend whose death the poet mourns in such strains of sorrow and tenderness as to place "In Memoriam" far above any other elegiac poem in our language. We say this with a vivid remembrance of the high poetic beauty of Milton's "Lycidas," and that despairing burst of grief which Shelley's grief poured forth at the death of "Adonis"—John Keats. "In Memoriam" leads us into the very sanctuary of sorrow, there to learn how grief can affect a deeply-philosophical and imaginative nature.

We see it color every external object, and influence not only the emotions of the heart, but the exercise of the intellectual faculties. We see, also, that the deepest love and the constant remembrance of the departed are not inconsistent with an active interest in the present and a hopeful looking forward to a higher development in a higher sphere. To return to our subject. In "The Princess" Tennyson describes the mother through whom he learned to love woman, and we can not refrain from quoting the passage—

"Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise,
Interpreter between God and men;
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread; and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music."

After reading it we are sure every one will join with him in exclaiming,

"Happy he
With such a mother; faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and, though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

In these days, when there is so much fanaticism in regard to "woman's rights," we read with peculiar pleasure any writer who gives the true idea of her duty and mission; and in the closing pages of "The Princess" we have a just and beautiful exposition of her nature and relations to man. We remember reading this poem when first published, and then all the beauty of the poet's descriptions, his subtle grace of expression, and the music of his rhythm could not reconcile us to the essentially-unlovely position of his heroine—the head of a community of women, sworn foes to the other sex, retired from all participation in the charities of life, devoting their days to the discussion of baseless theories and barren schemes of progression. Now we read it with a truer appreciation of the poet's meaning, and we feel that the errors of *Ida* are more than counterbalanced by her graceful recovery from them. The story is managed with skill, the satire partially concealed, and the imagination interested by the accessories. The maidens in their isolation are surrounded by all the treasures of art. The poet says of their approach to their college:

"But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down

In meshes of the jasmin and the rose;
And all about us pealed the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare."

On entering every-where was seen the gleam of beauty—

"The long hall glittered like a bed of flowers."

The inmates make a geological excursion, and amid the chatter about shale and hornblende

"Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag."

If a damsel touches a harp the strains that issue from it are most sweet and womanly. Never has the poet been commemorated in words of such melancholy music as in the lines commencing—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

The songs which precede the sections of the poem indicate, with exquisite grace and feeling, the progress of the story. The refrain of the East, "Ask me no more," finds fitting response in the words of the Prince—

"Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Happy the day for woman when she may thus always worthily trust, and when she shall be satisfied with the sphere in which God has placed her. Every one must acknowledge how wide is this sphere, and how universal her command of many of the deepest springs of human action. Let her, then, withdraw, if she would fulfill her high destiny, from the sunlight glare and the open combat. Her influence, like the light of the moon, should be silent and soft, stealing into lonely places and underneath the deepest shades, pervading all things with a gentleness that soothes and yet with a power that can sway the mightiest tides of tumultuous seas.

Tennyson's "*Isabel*," as a description of a perfect wife, is, we think, unequaled in the whole range of English poetry. We commend it as a study—

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The Summer calm of golden charity."

How full of melody are the words, and how expressive are they of one of the loveliest virtues of the female character. In "*Isabel*" we find that rare combination, humility and dignity, and this is united with unselfishness and gentleness. No harsh judgments, no untimely reproofs proceed from her lips,

"But a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,

Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride."

In "Adeline," "Margaret," and "Elenore" the poet has not drawn real women, but what he might dream concerning them while looking upon some of those exquisite ideal faces often found adorning the studios of painters. They are poetical abstractions—beauty and grace made visible in words of music—but we should never for a moment think of finding their representatives on this every-day earth. "The Lady of Shalott," beautiful vision that she is, has more of our common humanity. She weaves into her web with delight all manner of objects as they are reflected in her magic mirror, till the forms of two young lovers are seen there; then she feels her loneliness, and, weary of her task, exclaims—

"I am half sick of shadows."

We love, however, such ethereal creations, and we know they could only proceed from a mind cherishing exalted ideas of the delicacy and purity of feminine nature. The influence of the outer world upon this nature has been often touched by modern poets. Tennyson says, in "Margaret,"

"From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as though you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun."

And in a similar spirit Wordsworth says—

"Nor shall we fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
By silent sympathy."

Very different from these sketches of lovely women are the poems of "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Gardener's Daughter." They are full of human feeling, deep and tender, and we know by the gathering tears that they have appealed to that fountain of sympathy hidden in every heart. One can not criticise women capable of awakening the emotion the poet depicts. They have lived upon our earth, given beauty and pathos to life, and then departed, leaving their blessed remembrance as the most precious treasure of memory.

"Godiva" is drawn with statue-like purity, and her compassion is as true and womanly as its test was unique and self-denying. "Mariana" tells the common tale of a broken heart. We see

"Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear."

And we feel the depth of her anguish in the sad and oft-repeated words—

"I am weary, weary;
O, God, that I were dead!"

The poet has given a stronger impression of her suffering by making every thing around her monotonous and dreary. The flower plats are covered with blackest moss, dead waters sleep on the level waste, the doors of the house creak upon their rusty hinges, and the mouse shrieks in the moldering wainscots. Removal to the South neither removes the pain of the heart nor gives to nature a more cheerful aspect. There is still the same sympathy expressed between the inner and the outer world. This power of the soul to give external objects its own hue, to make them speak its own language, is strikingly exemplified in "Maud." It opens with the words of its misanthropic hero—

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood;
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red
heath;
The red-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers—
'Death.'"

Here the lowly field-flower, the crevices of the rain-worn rocks, and the sweet voice of Echo, all respond to the feelings of the man. How quick the change when *love* enters the breast! The stars are no longer

"Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,"

but the delighted question rises to the lips—

"Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendors that you look so bright?"

In that exquisite passage beginning—

"Come into the garden, Maud,"

every flower trembles in passionate sympathy with the lover. With what exceeding grace are they made to share in his feelings of impatience and expectancy! Their beautiful lips open to herald the approach of the beloved one, and after the lily whispers, "I wait," come the rejoicing words of the lover—

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet
And blossom in purple and red."

We do not remember a garden scene in poetry that surpasses this for delicacy and beauty, and for the tender humanity, if we may so speak, that is given to the flowers. Shelley, in his "Garden," bewilders the eye with the loveliness and makes the sense faint with the fragrance of the flowers, and yet to the sensitive plant alone has he given mortal aspirations—

"It desires what it has not—the beautiful."

He has not succeeded as perfectly as Tennyson in endowing flowers with emotion and making them partakers in human interests. We feel, in reading Shelley's lines, that description could do no more in bringing before us the flowery ranks with their fullness of sweetness and color, and we only wish his dark philosophy had not required the opposite side of the picture. Why give the blight and decay when the imagination might be left to please itself amid brightness and beauty? Why, in the revolting description of the changed garden, give no hint, by way of relief, of the reanimating influences of Spring and of that sublime resurrection from the grave which the annually-returning life of nature impressively typifies?

Delineation of female character by its abstract qualities is not a favorite method with Tennyson, although in "Isabel" he has shown how well he can do this. He prefers giving some lovely trait, some gracious act, and then leaving the imagination to perfect what has thus been suggested to it. In "Maud" we have constant reference to "the singular beauty of Maud," and but few hints of the pure and gentle spirit it enshrined—

"O, Maud were sure of heaven
If loveliness could save her!

And she knows it not. O, if she knew it!
To know her beauty might half undo it."

Outward charms, without vanity and womanly power to captivate, heightened by humility! Severely as critics have treated this poem, we have seen no fault found with this heroine. She is a sunbeam in a dark place—a melodious strain among many discords. We cherish her beautiful, shadowy memory, and we only regret that she could not impart to her vituperative and despairing lover a little of her gentleness and courtesy.

In "A Dream of Fair Women" we have portraits of some of the most remarkable women of ancient times. Helen, of Troy, awakens our sympathy, not only by her surpassing beauty, but by the mingled pathos and beauty of her words—

"She, turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place."

The picture of Jephtha's daughter is full of light and purity.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel"
never shone on a more high-souled maiden. Her filial love and heroic devotion are described in language liquid with melody—a melody which overflows the soul like a flood of organ music in some high cathedral.

Tennyson understands how to heighten the interest by giving to the women of his poetry a certain shadowy indistinctness—an ideal grace, suggested rather to the imagination than portrayed in words. They are like Dante's angels, known more by the light and beauty they shed around them than by definite form and beauty. In the long gallery of female portraits left us by the poets we linger with increasing admiration over the pictures that Tennyson has placed there, our eyes refreshed by their beauty, and our hearts elevated by the revelations they give of an inward and spiritual loveliness.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE SUMMER.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

Died, September 21st, Beautiful Summer, youngest daughter of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Two. The funeral will be attended from the residence of her cousin, Indian Summer. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

DEAD! dead! our beautiful Summer.

With bloom of lily and rose;
With breath of the purple violet
And every thing lovely that grows!
O, how shall we lay our darling
To sleep with the Winter snows?
Shall it be where the mountain towers,
Or down where the river flows?

Bury your dead, said the forest,
Under my leafy pines;
Cover the grave with the woodland moss
And the creeping trailing vines;
The winds shall moan in the shudd'ring leaves
And sigh in the unmown grass,
A requiem sad for the Summer gone
To the pitying clouds that pass.
O, bring her to me, said the valley,
With voices soft and low,
My streams shall sing of the music fled
And linger as they go;
With me have the violets lingered long,
With me they were first to blow,
And where they've laid their perfumed heads
She'll sweeter sleep, I know.

O, no, let us, said the mighty hills,
The Summer's grave unfold,
She knew we could love her passing well,
Though seeming stern and cold;
We have loved the darling the best of all
The Summers we ever knew,
And we'll weep such tears as come to those
Whose loved and lost are few.

I loved her, I loved her, let me die,
Sobbed every leaf and tree,
And over the forest, and vale, and hill,
The wind sighed mournfully.
Dead, dead! the beautiful Summer,
With bloom of lily and rose.
With breath of the purple violet
And every thing lovely that grows.

A PLACE FOR EVERY THING.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHTY.

THE two weeks which aunt Lois spent with her niece, Carrie Miller, were very pleasant and important ones to the young housekeeper. It seemed that she learned some new and valuable lesson almost every hour, and yet all came about in the way of suggestions, aunt Lois was so gentle and unobtrusive in her manner. She helped her systematize her work so well that, with the assistance of the young girl in the kitchen, every thing moved on with twice the ease and comfort of the former times. The sewing "mountain" was fast becoming reduced, and Carrie was surprised at the amount of spare time she had.

They were finishing off a little worsted frock for Minnie one day, and auntie said it must be bound with silk around the neck, so it would not seem harsh to her sweet little shoulders. Carrie pulled out from the closet a big box filled with all manner of pieces, and odds and ends, and, after much overturning, the desired scrap of silk was found and used. It had taken almost as long to find it as to sew it on.

"I'll tell you what is a nice plan for saving and storing up such pieces, Carrie. Make little bags for every different sort and label them, and then hang them up in some convenient place, and you can not tell till you have tried it a week or two how much time it will save. We might make some out of that old calico to-day just as well as not. The rain is pouring down so hard nobody will call, so we may have the dining-room to ourselves, and strew things about to suit our own convenience."

Carrie liked the project very much, so they set about it as soon as the dress was finished and the arrangements made for dinner. Baby was delighted with a paper box full of treasures, and searched, and pulled, and assorted things in true baby style.

So the bags were cut out and made of different sizes to suit the cloth and the purposes for which they were intended. Then aunt Lois took a long strip of glazed tape and wrote on it something after this fashion: "Old Linen," "Old Muslin," "New Muslin," "Old Silks," "Pieces of Dresses," "Tapes and Braids," "Twine," "Old Stockings," "Flannels," etc. Then she cut the labels off and sewed them on to the bags. After this followed a good hour's work for both pair of hands in assorting and arranging the contents of the box, but what a satisfaction it was to have it done so nicely! Then aunt Lois pounded in a row of

nails in the store-room to hang them on, and the work was done. She taught Carrie to drive a nail, too, for she said, "You can often save yourself a great deal of time and trouble by such a bit of knowledge."

"Can you give me a good strong string, Carrie?" asked George rather doubtfully when he came home for dinner. "I want one very much, and ought to have stopped at the store as I came by, but forgot it."

"O, yes," said Carrie, laughing, and, running to the store-room, she brought out the bag marked "Twine." "Just see if there is any thing there that will suit."

"Well, that is an idea," he said with a pleased look as he selected out a long hemp string. "This is just the thing I wished. Where do you keep this bag, Carrie? I would like to know, so I can help myself without troubling you."

"Well, come and see," said his wife, delighted to have the arrangement prove so useful, and be so well appreciated at its inauguration.

"Well done," said George, laughing. "That looks like old times. I wonder how many times you have sent me for the 'stocking-bag,' or the 'yarn-bag,' or the 'linen-bag,' aunt Lois? Where is the 'poor-box?' That belongs here, too," he continued; "we must surely set up one of those, too, Carrie. Aunt Lois always had one, only she was so modest and humble she only labeled it 'Old Clothes.' I used to think a great deal of that; it took all my old jackets off my hands so nicely, and I got new ones instead. No telling how much it saved my feelings in the matter of wearing patches, and aunt Lois's feelings in the matter of economy, so it was a real benevolence to ourselves as well as to the poor factory children, who looked for them as regularly as they did their Christmas dinner in our long kitchen. I believe boys used to eye my clothes with great anxiety to see if they had n't begun to give way somewhere. I know when I was coming home from school one night with poor Dick Dawson how cold and pinched he looked, while I was snug in the big overcoat I had worn three Winters. He looked up anxiously and said before he thought, 'Pears to me that overcoat of yours will never wear out. It must be good cloth,' he went on after a minute, turning very red.

"I knew what was in his mind, and so I said to encourage him,

"'Yes, but it is getting too tight across the back. I do n't think I can wear it much longer.'

That night I made out a fair case before aunt Lois, and teased a new overcoat from her.

So Dick got the old one, and I dare say it is passing down from one boy to another in the Dawson line to this day. It's only sixteen years ago, is n't it, aunty?"

"I should n't think it was six, George," she said, half-musingly. "Well, we all grow old."

"All but you, aunt Lois. You never will nor can. Your heart is just as young and fresh, and you love our Minnie just as well as you used to Sarah's babies so long ago. Do n't you now?" and he picked up the little treasure and kissed her feet, neck, and shoulders, while she buried her dimpled hands in the big whiskers and chestnut hair.

"Now, papa must eat dinner and go to his work to 'buy his child a frock.'"

The dinner was good, plain, and substantial, and a nice economical pudding, which aunt Lois had taught Carrie to make, served as dessert. When they were alone again in the afternoon, and baby was taking her nap, aunt Lois took up the noon-time conversation again—

"Yes, Carrie, a box for old clothes in some convenient corner is an excellent institution in any house. The 'poor-box' brings into a home a great many more blessings than ever it sends out. It all comes from a sure Paymaster. 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again.' Now, in my own experience I have found that strictly, literally true. Yes, and large interest, too, the Lord pays. Just make a practice of folding away nicely any garment you are quite done using, and you will almost always have something for the destitute, which, though useless to you, will be a real blessing to them. As an old man said, when remonstrated with for his benevolence, 'We can make only one journey through this world, and can never come back to rectify mistakes.' We can not take up lost opportunities for doing good when the time has gone. We are hurrying on to eternity so fast, Carrie, it seems to me we ought to do all the good we can on our way."

WHERE?

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O, FRIEND, where art thou, who didst watch last year
The Autumn glory in the forests burn?
Who heard the acorns dropping, praised the clear
Gold tints of royal maples, who didst turn
The pages of this book I read to-day,
Who held in Spring blue violets in thy hand,
And, wondering at their beauty, who didst say,
"There must be violets in that other land."
O, hast thou found them there? Where didst thou go
When, on that Summer Sabbath morn, you four

Together journeying, sudden met the flow
Of death's dark tide, and one returned no more?
When, on that day of Christ, the sore, sore need
That thou must cross came, and they led thee slow
Down to the brink where He could meet and lead
Thee safely over—where, where didst thou go?

Art thou so far, O friend, thou dost not know
What wondering looks we lift unto thy sphere?
What visions of transcendent fairness grow
About thy likeness so familiar here?
What questioning thoughts of what thy life may be,
What varied tasks thy growing powers employ,
What fitnesses of sight and sound agree
To crown thy fullness of completed joy?

What converse dost thou hold? what strange, new
speech

Hast thou been learning in that foreign land?
Up what far heights of knowledge dost thou reach,
All unfamiliar when we clasped thy hand?
What problems hast thou solved that fret us still?
What mysteries whose shadows on us fall?
What revelations hast thou of that Will
That molds our life and guides and holds us all?

What vision hast thou of thy lower life?
How dost thou measure now its dear-bought bliss?
What heed hast thou of all its grief and strife?
How doth that life's completeness perfect this?
How is it with thee? Hast thou climbed so high
All memory of thine upward way is lost?
Do our rough paths so far below thee lie
Thou hast forgotten what thy rare bliss cost?

What trace doth now thy ransomed spirit bear
Of all earth's wondrous beauty? Amber glow
Of Autumn thou didst love; the luster fair
Of moonlight on the waters; banks of snow
In distant depths of blue midsummer skies;
The daisy's brightness in the meadow grass—
When thou, O friend, to higher realms didst rise,
Did all the impress of this beauty pass?

Wilt thou, enshrined in thy perpetual calm,
At rest from toil, pure from the stain of tears,
In that long Summer, crowned with peace and palm,
Be growing from us, while we count the years
That bring us nearer to thy high estate?

Hast thou learned all our narrow lives can teach?
O, friend, who walked and talked with us so late,
Art thou so far beyond our spirits' reach?

Nay, nay, thou art not far, we hold thee still;
Our souls catch music from thy spirit's tone;
Sometimes upon our hearts clear dews distill
From wandering airs of that untroubled zone
Where thou dost range. Thou dost not love us less
That we so blindly seek our crown to win—
That in our narrow bounds we can not guess
To what great glory thou hast entered in.

O, gentle spirit, who hast gained so much,
Sometimes, we pray thee, when our hearts are sore,
Reach pitying down with healing in thy touch,
Inspire the faint, who faintest now no more;
Sometimes when dangers thicken in our way,
Send to our shrinking souls a breath of cheer,
That we may feel thee living, day by day,
O, friend, who art so far and yet so near.

VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

XIV.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE EMPIRE OF REPTILES.

CONTINENTS have been developed, like organisms, from their primeval germs. Geologic force, like natural force, operates always toward the accomplishment of some definite end; and notwithstanding its vicissitudes, there is little difficulty in perceiving how every phenomenon of one age has been contemplated and ministered to by the events of all preceding ages. The American continent is not a single upthrow of volcanic violence, but a gradual growth, beginning before the creation of the first animals and plants, and proceeding by a certain method through all the subsequent ages, even to the present; and receiving from time to time such progressively-improved existences as its physical circumstances permitted. At first it was an angulated ridge of land in the center of the present continental area. Then by successive upheavals belts of increment were added on the south-east and south-west, till the ancient ocean has been narrowed to its present limits. Like the exogenous growth of an oak, the increase has been always upon the outside. So the vast continent has been built up and configured in accordance with a method as definite as that which has shaped the globe itself.

The empire of molluscs saw the greater portion of the continent the bed of the sea. The reign of fishes witnessed the emergence only of the extreme north-eastern and north-western portions of the United States. Toward the close of the reign of reptiles the continent had assumed the similitude of its present form and extent. The Atlantic coast stretched from the neighborhood of New York city to the Delaware River, and thence south-westward to South Carolina, along a line now sixty or seventy miles inland. Delaware and Chesapeake Bays were consequently out at sea, and the Delaware River emptied into the Atlantic at Trenton. From South Carolina the shore-line turned gradually westward and crossed the States of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, at the distance of one or two hundred miles from the present gulf coast. A deep bay set northward along the future valley of the Mississippi River, as far as the mouth of the Ohio or beyond, so that at this time the confluence of those two rivers was at their mouth. Farther west the Gulf of Mexico stretched itself in a broad expanse of water, tending north-west toward the Upper Missouri and far beyond into British America, and prob-

ably to the Arctic Ocean. The watershed of the present Missouri was consequently beneath the sea; and the basin of the Mississippi was more limited in extent than that of the Ohio, which probably was the larger stream. West of this mediterranean gulf was a broad belt of land, stretching from the isthmus far to the north-west. The Pacific coast was a hundred and fifty miles further inland than at present. It is doubtful whether the great lakes existed, as their beds were probably excavated by subsequent agencies.

The climate of the period was much warmer than that of the same localities in the present age. Coral builders and other marine animals, now restricted to tropical regions, then flourished throughout the whole length of the continent, from latitude 60° north to the Straits of Magellan on the south. The superior warmth of former ages of the world was probably due, in a great measure, to the more highly-heated condition of the globe—a source of warmth which, through all ages, has been undergoing a gradual diminution. It has also been suggested that the connection between the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean permitted the Gulf Stream to flow through the center of the continent; and thus, while it carried a tropical temperature far toward the north, ameliorated the climate of the regions to the east of it, as the same stream now moderates the cold of high latitudes on the European shores. Thus, while the Northern States were *terra firma*, the rich cotton fields of Alabama and Texas were gathering their calcareous sediments beneath the Gulf of Mexico. Fleets might have sailed over the rolling prairies of Kansas and Dakota, and the anchor of the mariner might have fastened in the summit of Pike's Peak. But fleets of *nautili*, and their cousins, the *Ammonites*, were the only keels that plowed that mediterranean sea; and the polyp and the oyster were the only mariners that cast their anchor on the sunken ridges. Eastward the broad rolling plains of Illinois and Ohio were adorned with a growth of tropical vegetation, and the west wind of even a Winter sky breathed softly over its never-fading foliage. But the shining cities of the West were not there. The kingly alligator alone disturbed the waters of the Ohio. The railroad car, the church spire, the farm fence, the verdant corn-field, the golden wheat, the thronging population—these all were scenes and objects still shut up in the silence and night of the far-distant future. An occasional voice of monstrous reptile broke the dreadful silence of the broad continent. No song of bird was heard in the grove, and rarely the hum of insect in the air. Bland

as the breezes were, and seductive the climate, it was not a fit place for man to be in. Frogs and salamanders must be his pets—lizards and crocodiles his domestic animals. Providence reserved him for a more finished condition of the world.

XV.

THE REIGN OF MAMMALS.

Another cycle of eternity was past. The progress of geological agencies had brought the crust of the earth to a tension which was to be relieved by another collapse. As the Palæozoic period was closed by the sudden sinking of the beds of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the corresponding protrusion of the ridges of the Appalachians, so the Mesozoic age was closed by a further progress in the same direction. The ever-shrinking nucleus necessitated the ever-enlarging wrinkles of the enveloping crust. The furrows must deepen and the folds must rise. The uplift which marked the close of the Mesozoic age, affected the whole continental body. It was not a sudden uprising, accomplished in a day. It may have extended through an age; but it was an interval of movements so much accelerated as to mark a pretty definite boundary between two stages of continental development, and two great periods in the history of the world. The great belt of sea which stretched along from the Gulf of Mexico to Mackenzie's River was severed in twain. One-half flowed off toward the north, and the other toward the south. The Mexican Gulf was left a hundred miles more extended than at present on the west and north, and still stretched up the Valley of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ohio. The peninsula of Florida was a coral reef, and a broad belt of the Atlantic States to New Jersey was yet sea bottom. Now the Missouri River came into existence. Now the eastern ranges of the Rocky Mountains were first lifted above the deep. During subsequent ages they underwent further upheavals, and the waters of the Gulf and the Atlantic were rolled back to their present positions.

The period which followed the last great upheaval marked the dawn of the present order of things. All subsequent time has hence been styled Cenozoic. The populations which swarmed upon the earth during each preceding epoch, disappeared in turn, and their places were occupied by forms generally more advanced. Of the thousands of species that had their being during the Palæozoic and Mesozoic ages, not one has survived to the present. The specific types are all extinct. Now, on the contrary, in the dawn of the Cenozoic age a fauna was created, of

which a few representatives have survived to modern times. The survivors, however, are all marine. Another feature of the faunas of this era, indicating the approach of the human period, was the advent of multitudes of mammals—a class of which man is the head. Some of the lowest terrestrial mammals seem, it is true, to have made their appearance some ages previously in the Jurassic period, and perhaps even in the Triassic; but nothing more is seen of the class till the beginning of the Tertiary. Like the Devonian reptiles, they seem to have run far in advance of their class, and to have totally perished for their temerity. The full numerical development and ascendancy of mammalian quadrupeds are the characteristic of the Tertiary age.

The immortal George Cuvier was the first to bring to light abundant relics of these masters of a former world. The vicinity of Paris seems to have been an ancient burying-place of extinct quadrupeds, while it was yet the bed of the sea, and the bones were apparently transported thither from the land. One of the most remarkable of these animals was the *Paleotherium*—a three-hoofed quadruped resembling a tapir, and attaining the size of a horse. Other quadrupeds, which grazed upon the same grounds with the Paleotherium, were variously allied to the deer, the peccary, and the tapir. Monkeys, mastodons, and elephants existed in Europe a little later, and these were associated with a huge anomalous quadruped named *Dinotherium*, which united the characteristics of the elephant, hippopotamus, tapir, and dugong. The sloth and opossum tribes also, which are now confined to other continents, had their representatives in Europe during this period. The prevailing types of quadrupeds were the thick-skinned—Pachyderms—and cud-chewing—Ruminants. The hog and the horse began to exist in the middle of the Tertiary; and somewhat later appear, either in Europe or Asia, the cat, dog, weasel, hare, mink, hyena, camel, antelope, musk-deer, sheep, and ox—of the latter several species. The *Sivatherium* was an elephantine stag, having four horns and probably a long proboscis. It is supposed to have had the bulk of an elephant, and greater height. This monster dwelt in South-Eastern Asia. Many other genera, quite distinct from existing forms, have had their former existence disclosed by the patient researches of the comparative anatomist.

America was also a field of gigantic quadrupeds, while the adjacent seas were the abode of mammalian forms allied to the whale. Of these the one best known is the Zeuglodon, whose bones are scattered over portions of the cotton

lands of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina. It is a striking sight to stumble over vertebræ a foot and a half long and a foot in diameter, or to see them plowed up from the black soil where they had been moldering ever since that soil was a sea-bottom. Yet these bones were once so numerous in Southern Alabama that they were gathered and burned for lime, and laid in walls for fences. The writer has himself seen them used for andirons, and for building the steps of a stile over the doorway fence. This animal was about seventy feet in length.

But far north-west of this, on the tributaries of the Upper Missouri, were the cemeteries of American quadrupeds. It seems that after the drainage of the country covered by the northward prolongation of the Mexican Gulf, there still remained isolated inland seas of considerable extent. The waters of these, at first salt, afterward became brackish, and finally fresh—a progressive change shown by the varying nature of the fossil remains imbedded in the sediments.

On the White River, in the Territory of Dakota, in the region where it approaches nearest to the Big Cheyenne, are the *Mauvaises Terres*, or Bad Lands, where Nature seems to have collected together the relics of a geological age, and buried them in one vast sepulcher.

The country to the west and south-west of Fort Pierre, for some hundreds of miles, is an elevated, gently-undulating prairie, through which the streams have cut deep gorges for their passage to the larger rivers. It is a vast basin, filled with the still horizontal and semi-indurated sediments of an inland sea. The wear of the weather has left many deep scars on the face of the country, and the Bad Lands present us with the mere ruins of a formation which was once continuous. The whole country is treeless and desolate. The soil beneath the feet of the traveler conceals the bones of the numerous populations which enjoyed existence in the earlier Tertiary epochs—the whole scene has the air of the domain of death and solitude. On catching a glimpse of the Bad Lands proper, a most impressive exhibition presents itself. Here, in the surface of the vast plain, is a sunken area thirty miles wide and ninety miles long. From the bottom of this sunken plain rise domes, and pinnacles, and monuments, and massive walls, which persuade the traveler that he is about to witness the movements and listen to the hum of a vast city. In the language of Dr. Evans, "these rocky piles, in their endless succession, assume the appearance of massive artificial structures, decked out with all the accessories of buttress and turret, arched door-

way and clustered shaft, pinnacle, and finial, and tapering spire."

On a nearer approach the illusion reluctantly vanishes, and all the fancied architecture is resolved into piles of hardened clay and sand. These rise from the bottom of the vale to the height of fifty, one hundred, and two hundred feet, showing along their vertical or sloping sides the varied courses of masonry of which they are composed. In the hundreds of towers and isolated masses that rise from this vale of solitude the order of the courses is the same; and this agrees with the arrangement in the solid walls which circumscribe the valley. A thousand storms have washed the slopes and furrowed them into the similitude of fluted shafts and clustered columns, which at the top bear sometimes an entablature of overhanging grass, or continue upward into tower and minaret. The bottom of the vale is an earth of chalky whiteness, baked by the sun, and utterly destitute of vegetation. The water which oozes out of the foundation-wall of the prairie, is brackish and unpalatable. In Winter the wind and snow rush through the lanes and corridors of this city of the dead in eddying whirls, while the withered grasses and the voiceless and motionless solitude, together with the relentless frost and never-tiring storm, make the place the realization of utter bleakness and desolation. In Summer the scorching sun literally bakes the clays which have been kneaded by the frosts and thaws of Spring, and the daring explorer of the scene finds no tree or shrub to shelter him from the fervid rays poured down from above, and reflected from the white walls which tower around him, and the white floor which almost blisters his feet.

But the most impressive feature of the scene is the multitude of fossil bones which appear, built into the massive masonry of this mimic architecture. The wearing and crumbling of the elements roll them out of their long resting-places, and they lie strewn over the bottom of the valley. The traveler feels like one walking over the floor of a long-deserted and ruined vault. Skulls, and jaws, and teeth, and thigh-bones lie scattered around. Death has indeed held carnival here, and this is the deserted scene of his ghastly repast. But what long ages have glided by since these flesh-covered bones were slain and gathered to the charnel-house! Scarcely a form familiar to the anatomist reveals itself. Here are indeed the forms of turtles, large and small, with all the sutures of their protecting carapaces distinctly preserved; but though turtles, they are unknown species; and some attain a size which, in their present condition, must

weigh nearly a tun. Here lie the bones of a rhinoceros—known certainly by his teeth—but different from any existing species. As for the rest of these remains we do not even know the genera to which they belonged. They present us with strange combinations of characters. One seems intermediate between a tapir and a rhinoceros, while the canine and incisor teeth ally it likewise with the horse. One of the commonest skulls has the grinding teeth of the elk and deer, and the canines of a hog. It evidently belonged to a race which lived both on flesh and vegetables, and yet chewed the cud like our cloven-footed grazers. This has been named *Oreodon*. One of the most wonderful of the beings entombed here is the *Titanotherium*—somewhat resembling a hornless rhinoceros, but much more massive in its proportions. One of the jaws seen by Dr. Evans had a length of five feet along the crowns of the teeth; and the skeleton of another individual was eighteen and a half feet in length and nine feet in height. Of all the relics uncovered in this ancient cemetery, it is remarkable that but one carnivorous quadruped has been noticed. The fauna of the period was eminently characterized by the presence of pachyderms and ruminants—and this in the same ages of the world when Europe was populated by a large admixture of the higher carnivores.

We said this valley of death has the appearance of a subsidence in the wide-extended plain. The suggestion is so natural that one almost irresistibly regards it as a vast sunken grave, where the slain of a geological convulsion have been gathered together and decently entombed, and the earth has at last settled down upon their crumbling remains. A better judgment, however, discovers the valley to be the work of excavating waters. Gigantic as the scale of such digging must appear, the geologist is acquainted with other examples immeasurably more sublime. They belong to the phenomena of the past Tertiary age. These towers, then, have not been built up, but have been left in relief like the lines on the engraver's stone. Torrents of rain have wielded the burin that has graven the Titanic lithograph.

From this Golgotha, if we wend our way north-westward some hundreds of miles nearer the sources of the Missouri, we find ourselves standing again upon the deposits of a vast inland sea—a sea which was still remaining when the Bad Lands had been drained. Around the shores of this far northern basin of water lived, in a later age, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the mastodon, the camel, the horse, the beaver, the wild-cat, the wolf, the land tortoise, and other

genera of quadrupeds now extinct. In this lake the Missouri took its rise, while the Yellowstone and other rivers poured into it the drainage of the region beyond, and transported the relics of their existing races, with other sediments, to the burial-place from which they have recently been exhumed.

Such are some of the phenomena of the age of Mammals. It was an interval of time when on all sides of the globe progressive improvement had brought our earth to a condition suited for higher existences, and the reptiles which reigned in the preceding age were beckoned into the background, or driven to extinction. Who that has observed the indications of gradual but systematic advance in animal forms through the ages of the world, can resist the conviction that man was contemplated as the termination of the perfecting series?

It is a curious fact that so many genera, now extinct from the continent, but living in other quarters of the globe, were once abundant on the plains of North America. Various species of the horse have dwelt here for ages; and the question reasonably arises whether the wild horses of the pampas may not have been indigenous. Here too the camel found a suitable home, but he has disappeared before the intellect dawned which could domesticate him and utilize his instincts. On the Oriental continent the higher types of quadrupeds were now existing, and it looked as if the apex of improvement would first be reached in that quarter of the world.

The uplift of the American and European continents to their present levels marked the close of the Tertiary period. Europe had been an archipelago, but America had long possessed its destined outline, and lacked only the belt which was now added along the two Oceans and the Gulf. The continent was now complete. What next could ensue but the creation of man, and the final consummation of the grand work of creation? Human judgment would now have proceeded to the finishing stroke, but Infinite Wisdom saw that the world would be improved by subjecting it to one more ordeal, and then should burst upon it the effulgence of that intellect which characterizes and ennobles the age of man.

MERCIES.

WERE there but a single mercy apportioned to each moment of our lives, the sum would rise very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded when every minute has more than we can distinctly number!

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

DURING the last session of the Baltimore Conference, a most interesting scene transpired in the old Light-Street Church, at the anniversary of the Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore, on Sabbath afternoon, March 9, 1862, Rev. Isaac P. Cook, President, presiding on the occasion. All the speakers on the occasion were chosen from among the most aged members of the Conference, including the oldest Methodist minister in America, if not in the world. We, of course, allude to the venerable Henry Smith, the patriarch of "Pilgrim's Rest," who departed this life December 7, 1862, aged ninety-three years, seven months, and fifteen days, after a ministry of nearly seventy years, and a membership of three-quarters of a century. The other speakers were Rev. Jacob L. Bromwell, who joined the Conference in 1817; Rev. Basil Barry, in 1815; and Rev. William Prettyman, in 1814. Thomas Armstrong, Esq., one of the originators of the Society in 1825, and who has been a Methodist more than half a century, also addressed the audience, which densely filled every part of the church where it was possible to find room to sit or stand.

MR. ARMSTRONG

Said he appeared before the large and respectable audience assembled upon this highly-interesting occasion, not so much in the character of a speaker, as of one of the founders of the Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore. It is now more than fifty-two years since he first entered this old church as one of its members and regular attendants. When God took possession of his heart, among his early thoughts were the Methodist ministers and the many hardships which they then endured; and he determined to do something to help them by the formation of a society. In the year 1818 such an institution was formed, but it failed to accomplish all that was intended and expected. In the year 1825 one of the Bishops and the officers of the city station held a consultation relative to the organization of a Preachers' Aid Society, and the establishment of a school for the education of preachers' children. After various plans and proposals had been examined and their merits discussed, the present Society was organized and established upon its present foundation. One of the happiest days of his life was that on which the plan was perfected which gave vitality to the Baltimore Preachers' Aid Society. Among its earliest friends and

officers were Dr. Thomas E. Bond, Samuel Harden, and Robert G. Armstrong, honored names, all of whom have since departed. Mr. Armstrong, who deceased January 6, 1862, was an active manager of the Society from its organization for about thirty-six years. The institution has passed through many troublous times, and has had its own difficulties; but to-day it is still living and vigorous. During the first seven years of its existence it distributed to Conference claimants \$3,000; from 1836 to 1846, \$12,000; from 1847 to 1858, \$21,400; making a total of \$36,400. In 1859, consequent upon the division of the Baltimore Conference, the Society divided its funds, amounting to \$60,000, between the Baltimore and East Baltimore Conferences. Its present estimated funds amount to \$30,642. In the last three years the Conference has received from the Society \$3,760. Its benefactions for the year ending February, 1862, were as follows: Appropriations to fifteen ministers, \$825; ditto to thirteen widows, \$660; life legacies to three females, \$8.47; making an aggregate of \$1,493.47, of which \$240 was for educational purposes.

REV. BASIL BERRY

Said, I arise with diffidence, and shrink from the ordeal of thus formally taking my place and identifying myself with feeble old age; but it must be met. I sometimes think that the man bent and broken by the toils and trials of seventy years, can not be a subject of grateful contemplation to the young and vigorous. It is a principle of our nature that we can not look upon deformity with pleasure. I love that law of the Jews which enjoins reverence for the aged. David says, "Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not." Dear brethren, we need your sympathy as well as your indulgence. In different ages and countries aged parents have been forsaken by their children. Doctor Grant tells where parents have even thus been destroyed; and he relates the case of a son, who beholding his old father in tears, and thinking he wept because of the dreadful fate that was about to befall him, asked the reason of his distress, when the parent said it was not for himself he wept, but because you, my son, will so soon follow me down the precipice!

I feel, dear brethren, altogether unworthy to be associated with the holy and venerable men around me.

In early life I found redemption by faith in the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a peace of which the world could never rob me. I still live in the enjoyment of that bless-

ing, and have great sympathy for the young and inexperienced during their probation of trial and duty. I feel that life, even when extended to its longest period, with all its duties, delights, and calamities, is but brevity itself.

My first appointment as a Methodist itinerant preacher I received from Bishop Asbury in the year 1815, and there is not now a single man in the active ministry that was in it when I joined the Conference. Recently I have visited the beautiful cemetery where repose the bodies of our venerated Bishops, and while viewing their graves felt that I too was rapidly hastening to the same silent abode. I have lived to "bury out of my sight" nearly all my family, and those who were dearer to me than my own life. Heaven, my brethren, is becoming more desirable because so many of my friends are there, and others are going to that happy place; but Jesus is the great attraction.

REV. JACOB L. BROMWELL

Said, I was born of Methodist parents at Bay-side, Talbot county, Maryland. This I learn from the Journal of my excellent mother, who died when I was only eight, and my father when I was fifteen years old. I was then taken to Baltimore and placed with my relatives, William and Daniel Bromwell, to learn a trade; but having reprieved them for swearing, the place became so disagreeable that I left it. Next I was connected with a bookstore, where I had opportunity of improving my mind by reading. I read the Bible and attended religious service at Light-Street Methodist Church. In the month of February, 1811, the Lord for Christ's sake set my soul at liberty. It was not long before I felt called by the Spirit of God to preach the Gospel; but it was several years before the way opened, and I fully entered upon the sacred work.

During the war of 1812, being out of employment, I returned to my early home in Talbot county, making the journey on foot. Here I became a class-leader, and at a quarterly meeting in the year 1815, I received license to preach from Rev. Henry Boehm. The next year I went to Pennsylvania, where, at Carlisle, I met the Rev. Jacob Gruber, who advised me to go to the mountains. I procured a horse and rode to Shippensburg, where I heard brother Gruber preach at a quarterly meeting. The following year, 1817, I was received into the Baltimore Conference, and traveled with Thomas Larkins. We were successful in our labors, and souls were converted to God. In 1818 I was sent to Pendleton circuit, which was three hundred miles in extent and had twenty-eight preaching

appointments. Here I should probably have become discouraged and left the work, if it had not been for the timely counsels and encouragement of brother Gruber. I took courage, went forward, and enjoyed another prosperous year. I have traveled what have been called "hard circuits," over mountains where the path was so narrow and steep that I had to dismount and hold on to the tail of my horse; and where, without taking any credit to myself for extraordinary self-denial, I used to keep Lent about one day out of four. But God blessed me in my poor efforts to spread the knowledge of his kingdom in the earth, as he has since done under apparently more favorable circumstances.

I am now living in the State of Indiana on land purchased from the Government; but if it were possible I would like to be near my Baltimore friends. I can remember when the old Conference room, in the rear of Light-Street Church, would hold all the preachers of the Conference. I still love the good way, and am doing what little I can among my neighbors to promote the cause of religion. When I first went there to live, there were no Methodists in that part of the country. But my time is out; besides, I have a disease of the throat that prevents me from talking to you as I would like to do; I, therefore, close by making an appointment to meet you all in heaven.

REV. WILLIAM PRETTYMAN,

an effective preacher, said, In 1806, when a small boy, I gave my heart to God and experienced the evidence of my adoption. The clouds of temptation and trial sometimes obscured my spiritual horizon, but they were always dispersed by faith and prayer. As I grew up to manhood, my mind was exercised on the subject of preaching the Gospel; but I kept it to myself, and opened my mind only to one person. I was then living in Philadelphia with my father, whose house was a home for Methodist preachers. This exercise of mind continuing—but my way not being clear—I finally determined to leave events to God, walk in the path of duty, and wait for the indications of his providence. In 1814 I was received into the Philadelphia Conference, and in 1820 was transferred to the Baltimore Conference. Having often acted as Conference Steward, and had the distribution of its funds, I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the great relief afforded to claimants by the annual dividends of the Preachers' Aid Society.

I am a native of the State of Delaware, as was also my father. The Rev. Freeborn Garretson—the apostle and prisoner of Methodism on

the Eastern Shore of Maryland—was the first minister I ever heard preach. This was at the house of my uncle in Delaware. Methodism took hold of the hearts of the people and spread rapidly among them, and soon there was a large society organized in that place. Like brother Bromwell, I have known Methodism from my infancy. I rejoice in its adaptations and doctrines, because they are so consonant to the nature and necessities of the human heart. Especially do I glory in the doctrine of holiness. In one society to which I used to preach, two-thirds of the members enjoyed this great blessing of perfect love; and their light was not hid under a bushel, but was seen of men, and the fire of Divine love was thus communicated to others. In the year 1816, while traveling Dorchester circuit, two ladies urged me to preach on the subject of holiness. I was young and diffident, but made the attempt, and was greatly blessed in the effort; and ever since I have loved and preached the doctrine of perfect love, as taught in the Scriptures and held by the Methodist Church. In common with my brethren, as an itinerant preacher I have had my labors and sufferings, but have nothing to complain of on that account. After thus toiling for forty-eight years, I can say that I love the work better than ever. I am now traveling a circuit eighty miles in length, and while health and strength last I shall continue to labor, "giving no offense in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed."

REV. HENRY SMITH

Said, Dear friends, I am glad to be with you on this occasion; and if I possessed the vigor I had the last time I attended Light-Street Church, I should be pleased to address you on the subject of experimental and practical religion. I still have the will but not the power.

That form of Christianity known as Methodism I still love in its primitive purity, as established by Mr. Wesley, who was one of the brightest examples of true piety the world has ever known. I have been a member of this branch of the Church and experienced the blessings of religion for seventy-three years! I knew the first-fruits of Methodism in this city. When I gave my poor heart to God, and my name to the Church, I determined to live strictly up to Methodist rules, so that those with whom I associated should have no cause of reproach on my account. I was then in my teens, and the Church in its early struggles. The name of Methodist was then despised, and our members had to bear reproach. We looked for persecution and were not disappointed. In my early

days I had no satisfaction among the people of the world, and only mixed with them when business called me. On the other hand, worldly-minded persons did not seek our company, because the Methodists of that day would converse with them upon the subject of religion, and reprove sin when committed in their presence. We were in this respect a separate people. When together our communion was sweet, and our sympathies one for another were great. When we met in the name of the Lord we felt that we were strangely united in the bonds of love. But great changes have taken place since those blessed days.

I have lived to see several divisions in the Church. Of Hammet's schism I knew but little; but I saw much of the bad effects of that produced by O'Kelly, and I had a full taste of Radicalism. The evils, tears, and heart-burnings that separated dear friends were indeed lamentable, and did much harm to the Church. The great Southern division has been still worse, and the wounds which it inflicted are not yet healed. And there is danger of still another division. Brethren grow cold toward each other, and the evils which now afflict us I fear are likely to increase. In all these difficulties, blessed be God, I have been kept aloof. The Church in its councils may have passed laws which it ought not, or failed to adopt some that would have been beneficial; but none of these things move me. I am sorry to hear that some of our young men, sons of the fathers of Methodism in the old Baltimore Conference, are disposed to be off and leave the good old paths in which the fathers walked. But prudent and gentle dealing will do much to restore peace and unity. The spirit of love can bring down the stubborn will and subdue the stout heart.

I must now close, but wish to add that I still love the soul-cheering doctrines of universal atonement—salvation by faith—justification—holiness of heart and life. Holiness of heart leads to holiness of life, and prepares the soul for heaven and glory. I stand here the advocate of the precious doctrine of holiness—it will make life comfortable and death joyful. Aged men and women, have you this blessing? Young men, do you possess it? If you do, you need not go to the world for enjoyment.

I rejoice to hear that Bishop Janes has been using his efforts to revive a greater interest in, and a better attendance upon class meetings, a most excellent institution.

My strength is gone and my mind confused. I must stop.

When father Smith delivered the above address he lacked but one month and two weeks

of being ninety-three years of age. His mind was perfectly sound, but his bodily strength very feeble, although he stood while speaking; and his voice was so strong and his words so distinct, that he could be heard throughout the large church. His sight was growing dim, but he could still read his large-print New Testament without glasses, which he has not used for about sixteen years, that being the length of time since he received his *second sight*! His hearing was so dull that not a word spoken by the other speakers was audible to him. While his attitude was perfectly erect, his general appearance was that of extreme age and feebleness. Thus ended the last public effort in this city of the old patriarch's extraordinary ministry in the cause of God and humanity.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

WE had nothing on earth but the cottage
And the baby that played on the floor,
But, lacking in lands and in treasure,
We loved one another the more.
And up in the mansions above us,
Whose silver and gold never dim,
We trusted our Father was keeping
A home for our spirits with him.
The roses that grew by the lattice
Were redder than rubies to see,
No king in his pomp and his purple
More proud of his jewels than we.
And oft as we sat in the twilight,
My husband, wee Nellie, and I,
He would say, "Little wife, all the kingdom
Such riches as ours could not buy."
His hands had grown hard with their labor,
His face it was browned by the sun;
But I thought, as he toiled with the reapers,
His form was the kingliest one.
And kissing my golden-haired baby,
I turned to my work with a song,
For I knew the true heart of my darling
Was loving us all the day long.
Ah me! 't is a beautiful picture
My heart looketh backward to see,
But now, in the vine-covered cottage,
Is only wee Nellie with me.
The roses lean in at the lattice,
The sunbeams creep over the floor,
And Nellie, the baby, is sitting
At play by the half-open door.
The reapers go merrily by me,
Their sickles flash out in the sun;
And home with a song, at the nightfall,
They go when their labor is done.
No footfall comes back to our threshold,
No face through the gloaming we see,
No lips with their burden of kisses
To welcome sweet Nellie and me.

Away where the bugles are sounding
At morning and evening their call,
My hero, my soldier is guarding
The land that was dearer than all.
Though he wears not a bar on his shoulder,
Nor glittering star on his breast,
Yet my heart in its fond worship crowns him
The noblest, the bravest, the best.

I read in my girlhood the story
Of mothers and wives of old Rome,
And thought it was grand for one's country
To employ both the heart and the home.
But now, though the land in her glory
Stand crowned from the sea to the sea,
I shall feel, if he come not to share it,
Her triumph is little to me.

"GOD IS EVERY-WHERE."

BY HELEN M. BROWN.

ALL within and all without us,
Whispers, never ceasing, tell
That a spirit dwells about us
Weaving 'round a holy spell.
In the solemn hour of vespers,
In the busy hour of care,
Steal the soul-reviving whispers,
"God is every-where."

Walk within the pleasant wild-wood,
In the Spring's refreshing hours,
When the merry songs of childhood
Floateth on the breath of flow'rs;
There's a whisper ever stealing
Thro' the young leaves on the air,
This delightful truth revealing,
"God is every-where."

Go beside the restless ocean,
When the breezes gently blow,
Mark the waves in their commotion,
See the eddies ebb and flow;
Listen to the numbers swelling
Into strains of music there—
Is there not some measure telling
"God is every-where?"

Walk beneath the sky at even,
When the golden day declines,
And the azure brow of heaven
With its crown of jewels shines;
Is there not an echo ringing
Through the pleasant Summer air,
This delightful sentence bringing,
"God is every-where?"

All within and all without us
Never-ceasing whispers tell,
That "our Father" dwells about us,
Working with an unseen spell.
Let us, then, with harps and voices,
Swell his praises on the air;
Earth with one accord rejoices,
"God is every-where."

"DRIVEN TO THE WAR."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

MR. GORDON—Mr. Paul Gordon—turned the "night-key" in the lock of his front door and sighed. And if the thought which preceded and developed the sigh could have been uttered it would have stood thus: "I hope Mary will be in a good mood to-night."

Now, it is, to say the least, a very bad sign when a man crosses the threshold of his home with a wonder or a hope regarding the frame of mind in which he shall find his wife; it does not argue well for his comfort, his happiness, and it is presumptive evidence that the mistress of his home is not dwelling in and diffusing about her life that atmosphere of home-love and tenderness, of warmth, and brightness, and peace which it is the chief mission and glory of woman to do.

Alas, for the husbands that go at night to their homes, jaded and weary with the hard toil and strife of the day, uncertain whether a frown or a smile will greet them on the threshold! Alas, for the miserable husbands who pause on the way to purchase some pretty, expensive bauble to buy the pleasant word and welcome which is not the glad, spontaneous offering of a tender, loving heart!

Mr. Paul Gordon and his wife were still young people. They had been married only half a dozen years, and had one daughter—a bright little creature of three years. The young man was book-keeper in a heavy commercial house, which, however, had suffered considerable in the breaking out of the war, and Mr. Gordon's salary, which had been large enough to sustain him in a genteel style of living, had been cut down, although it was still a comfortable one.

Mrs. Gordon was not a heartless woman; she certainly loved her husband and child with a devotion which, put to some great test, would have dared and suffered long and bravely for their sakes. But she was a socially-ambitious woman; she had that petty, pitiful anxiety for display, for a more expensive and luxurious style of living than her husband's salary could in any wise admit, and this of course opened the way to envy, restlessness, disappointment, and all that endless train of habits and feelings which gnaw into one's life and happiness, and which constantly fret, sour, and jar the spirits, and whose painful influence is so keenly felt by those who are brought within its sphere.

Mr. Gordon entered his sitting-room, and with his first glance at his wife he felt that the

inaudible wish with which he had crossed his threshold was not to be fulfilled that evening. She was sitting by the window with her bonnet thrown carelessly on the chair before her and her shawl gathered loosely about her shoulders, and she was looking out with a dreary, dissatisfied, unhappy expression which even her face did not often wear.

The lady turned her head as her husband entered. There was no gleam of welcome in eyes that could shine bright for joy, no unbending of the lips that could smile sweet for gladness.

"O, Paul, is that you," said Mrs. Gordon in a level, dead tone that fell upon her husband's spirits like a cold, crushing weight.

Now, it happened that Mr. Paul Gordon was in a peculiarly-susceptible mood that night. A great many little things had gone wrong that day, and we all know the power of a great many little wrong things to depress and harass one.

A smiling face, a loving welcome, an hour of bright, cheerful talk and deeds, set off with a hearty, pleasant supper, and the clouds would all have been dissipated, and the small stings would all have been healed, and Paul Gordon would have felt himself a happy man, and the little knots in his business would have all seemed to disentangle themselves; but in his jarred and sensitive state they seemed to take larger shape and fill the whole horizon of his life. He sat down an overwhelmed, miserable man.

"What is the matter, Mary?" he asked in a cold, unsympathetic way.

"O, nothing, nothing that you will help or care about any way," answered the lady, feeling still more aggravated.

Now, the real state of facts was this: Mrs. Gordon's present frame of mind had been produced by a visit which she had made that afternoon to a cousin's of hers, married and settled not far from her, and with whom she had been from childhood on terms of sisterly intimacy. The cousins were fond of each other, but they both possessed a love of display and desire for social position, and the wave which had swept away a part of Mr. Gordon's salary rendering a further exercise of economy indispensable in his household expenditures, had only proved additional means into the hands of his wife's cousin, as her husband was connected with a house which had heavy Government contracts, and Mrs. Gordon had returned from this visit to her relatives with a heart saddened and soured with envy at the proofs of their increasing prosperity which met her on every side,

and which began to afford a strong contrast to her own pleasant, tasteful, but plainer home.

Mr. Gordon did not reply to his wife's implied reproach. They both sat silent for several minutes with the gloom darkening over their mental sky as the night did over the earth. At last he glanced at her bonnet and shawl, and fancied he could penetrate to the cause of her ill-humor.

"Been to Caroline's to-day?" he asked.

"Yes," a sigh following the drearily-toned monosyllable.

"All flourishing there, I suppose?"

Paul Gordon was one of that class of men who can endure any thing better than sullenness. Himself of a quick, impetuous, outspoken nature, silent displeasure and reticent anger irritated and maddened him, but to-night he felt too weary and depressed for accusation or retort.

His question unlocked Mrs. Gordon's tongue; indeed, she was not naturally reticent, and only in some case of what seemed to her vision especial and aggravated wrong did she indulge in sullenness.

"Flourishing! I should think they were! Do n't you think Caroline has got new carpets for the parlors, and the old ones were newer than ours, and a real silver set; besides she's going to have a new velvet cloak. I declare, Paul, it made me fairly sick, my home looks so shabby in comparison," and sigh the second, deeper and drearier than the first, concluded the lady's remarks.

"Well, her husband is making money and I've lost it, there's the difference," was the not very sympathetic rejoinder of Paul Gordon.

"It's too bad. I do n't see why *we* should always be the losers."

The words stung, as Mrs. Gordon in her *then* mood intended they should, for they certainly implied, and most unjustly, that the loss was her husband's fault.

"You know very well what you say is n't true," he answered in a tone of angry expostulation. "It's lucky that I have n't lost my place altogether; but a woman never finds any thing to be thankful over."

"I think you are very cruel." The last speech of her husband caused Mrs. Gordon's cup of indignation to overflow. "I wonder if any woman could bear it better than I to see Caroline coming up in the world, every want gratified, surrounding herself day by day with new, and beautiful, and costly things, while I can have nothing, and am obliged to pinch, and twist, and screw to make ends meet, and your salary growing less, too. The old carpets

and the old cloak must do for me, although I am ashamed of both."

"They'll have to do for many another woman this Winter, I guess, and she may be thankful to keep them, too." Mr. Gordon's patience and judiciousness were quite gone now. "It's a disgrace for any woman to torment her husband at a time like this because she can't indulge in fine dress and costly furniture when the country's on the verge of ruin."

Now, there was a core of truth in this statement so wrongly put that still further aggravated Mrs. Gordon. She burst into tears—not tears that would reach and soften a man, but angry, reproachful tears that must only irritate and harden him.

"As if I was n't wretched enough—as if I had n't enough to bear without your cruelty. Paul Gordon, I believe you have no care for all that I suffer."

"What a pity it is that you did n't marry a rich man and save yourself from it all!"

"I might, and I wish I had."

Mrs. Gordon was half-frightened and really sorry the moment the words had crossed her lips. In the depths of her woman's heart she knew the last part of her speech was not true, but she had made it, and was too proud to retract.

Paul Gordon's face grew white, and he gazed at his wife for a moment with a look which she had never seen in his eyes before, and which thrilled her with a sudden fear.

"If that is true you may have a chance yet," was his only answer, low and threatening.

Just then a sound smote to the hearts of both parents, the sound of a small hand fumbling at the door-knob, and the next moment a head clothed in the deepest gold-yellow curls thrust itself into the room. The sweet face under the curls was stained with tears now, and it came toward the father with a low, fretful moan wholly unlike the crow of joy which usually greeted him.

The truth was that Mrs. Gordon on her return home had been in too irritated a state to endure her child's importunity, and had consigned him to the care of the domestic, who, engaged in preparing supper, found her double charge a most vexatious one.

The ill-humor of both parent and servant had communicated itself to the child, and when the father took his boy in his arms and put down his cheek for his usual kiss, softened at the sight of the little drooping head, the child turned hastily away, and continued crying in his low, fretful way.

Paul Gordon was in an impressible, desperate

mood or this act of his child's would not have thus affected him, but it somehow confirmed the resolve which had suddenly taken possession of him.

Mrs. Gordon left the room, roused at last into taking some supervision of the tea table. The fretful whining ceased in a few moments, and the little head in its father's arms drooped into slumber. The supper passed in silence on the part of both husband and wife. Both missed the small figure mounted in its high chair at the table, the bright face and the sweet fragments of words, which always gave to them its greatest charm.

Mrs. Gordon was not free from self-accusation, and would have met cordially any advances on her husband's part. But he made none, and so she sought in her own mind for causes which justified her hasty words, and tried to regard herself as a deeply-injured person.

After the silent meal was over Mr. Gordon rose up, and, without saying a word, left the house. It was a very unusual thing with him.

"Well, Mary, you'll be safely rid of one trial in a day or two," said Mr. Gordon as he entered the sitting-room late that evening. His wife sat there awaiting his return, in no little anxiety, for during the long, lonely hours her conscience had stirred itself, and reproached her for the part she had borne in the last conversation with her husband, and his long absence inspired a vague, nervous anxiety, especially when she recalled that look in his eyes—a shudder went over and chilled her when she remembered it.

"What do you mean, Paul?" asked Mrs. Gordon. There was something in her husband's voice which filled her with vague terror.

"I mean that I've gone and enlisted for the war."

"O, Paul!"

The blow had struck down, down into the true wifely heart which beat under all the pride and folly, the petty envies and ambitions of Mary Gordon's life. That cry, that face, struck into deadly pallor, bore witness to it.

"Do you care, Mary?" asked her husband, the bitterness and desperation which had underlain all his acts for the last four hours giving way.

"O, Paul, you won't leave me—you won't leave me and baby!"

What anguish moaned up through the rapid words!

"There, now, do n't take it so," the old, tender tone with which he had so often soothed her coming back to the voice of Paul Gordon. "You see, I've got every thing settled in the

nicest way for you. I'm to have half of my salary continued while I am gone, and the young nephew of the senior partner is to take my place. Then I shall get promoted in a little while."

She threw up her hands in a quick, pleading way.

"Do n't, Paul, do n't. You must n't leave baby and me."

"It's too late now, Mary, darling; the regiment starts day after to-morrow."

She rose up and staggered toward him, her fair face struck into such whiteness and dread that he could not bear to look at it.

"O, Paul, it is what I said—I have driven you to this!" murmured the poor young wife.

"Nonsense, child! Do n't get that notion into your head. I've had the matter on my mind for a long time," putting his arms about his wife and drawing her down on his knee, as he would a little frightened child.

It was not the truth, but Paul Gordon did not know it then; every other feeling was merged in pity for the anguish of that one woman whom he had covenanted to "love, protect, and cherish" till death parted them.

What a sleepless night it was for husband and wife! what an agony for both I need not recite. Ah, dear reader, happy are you if no personal knowledge and experience brings you into awful sympathy with its anguish—happy are you if you too have not within the last year seen the strength and the joy of your life go out from your love and your prayers to the battle! And for Mary Gordon the next two days were days of excitement and rapid preparation, and all the anxious forethought of love; and if sometimes the thought of the terrible parting close at hand clutched her heart and fairly stifled her breath, she put it away from her as too terrible a thing to be dwelt on or realized.

But at last it came, rapid and confused, as partings always are, and Paul Gordon kissed with quivering lips the sweet, wondering lips of his young child, the tear-faded cheeks of his fair wife, and, commending them both to the mercy and the love of God, went out to the long battle which has strewed thick over the land its low-roofed hospitals—its *hospitals of graves*. And Mary Gordon sits alone with her child as—God pity them!—so many young mothers sit this hour while I write, and her heart aches through the long, slow hours for her husband's sake. She listens greedily and yet with a terrible fear and trembling for any tidings from camp or battle-ground, and when her sweet child babbles about her she takes

him into her lap and bathes the gold-yellow curls with her tears, and wonders if he, too, shall be among the great company of children which this war has written "*fatherless!*" And sometimes in sudden wakings from dreams in solemn fallings of the night, there comes to the heart of the young wife a sharp and bitter sting—the sting of remorse—the memory of unkind and hasty words, which she would almost give her right hand to recall; but there is one memory, one sting which sometimes, keener than a sword, pierces through her heart. She strives to put it away, calling up as true witnesses her husband's assurances that no word or deed of hers had driven him to the step he has taken; and yet she remembers *that* last conversation, *those* cruel words, and they shake her with sudden tumult and terror, and in a great storm the words rise up and thunder through her soul—"*driven to the war!*" O, reader of mine, if you too be called to pass through this salt baptismal of parting, may there be added to your suffering no element of remorse and regret! may there be laid away and locked up in your memory a cabinet of shining jewels which you shall often count over, as a miser does not count his gold, the sweet and loving words, the kindly, generous deeds, which you hung shining along the hours and days of one now rendered doubly precious, and sacred, and honored, because of him may be said those words so touching, so significant, of one now *gone to the war!*

THE OLD PORTFOLIO.

BY MARY E. GREGORY.

AN old portfolio that many a day,
'Mid old books and papers, had lain hid away,
I 'spied in a garret while "rummaging 'round,"
And drew from concealment the relic I 'd found;
Hastily opening, I drew to the light,
And many the treasures that came to my sight—
Some lines once addressed to me by a friend,
An old composition most wretchedly penned,
A close-written sheet by some old school-mate,
And quantities of scribbling without name or date.
I turned its leaves over, and letters were there
From the friends of my school days, the young and the fair;
I took up the first, 't was written by one
Who had little of sunshine in early life known;
It spoke of another home, pleasures all new,
Of her hopes for the future and prospects in view.
Alas, for her bright hopes! she faded ere Spring,
And 'mid its bright blossoms her spirit took wing
I took up another—its hand, plain and bold,
Seemed just as familiar as in days of old.

A strange, vague feeling, half pleasure, half pain,
Swept over my heart-strings, awakening a train
Of old recollections, to me once so dear—
Events of the past which memory brought near.
The author 's a rover, 't is years since we met,
But the vows of our childhood will he ever forget?

And here was a package, each letter to me,
Like the heart of its author, o'erflowing with glee.
Enjoying the present, light-hearted and gay,
She ne'er could believe that life's future day
Could bring her a care or a heart-breaking sorrow;
She lived for to-day, defying to-morrow.
It came, as it comes to many a one,
Crushing each life-hope her young heart had known.

One letter with tear-drops was blistered all o'er
And sad were the tidings its soil'd pages bore.
It had caused me much anguish in days that were
past,

But sorrow fled quickly and joy came at last.
And many another old letter was there,
With the kindest of wishes from the truly sincere,
Or vows of affection—words lighter than air—
Pledges of friendship and love's earnest prayer.

I sat 'mid my treasures till the light died away,
And mused on the scenes of life's shadowy day.
Around and about me the letters were cast,
Each letter, in fancy, a friend of the past.
Once more we were roaming the woodlands among,
Or climbing the hill-top with a shout and a song;
Skipping stones o'er the waters, or angling for fish,
Building air-castles with the accompanying "I wish,"
In the old brown school-house declining "to love,"
Within academy's walls its power to prove,
Parting from school-mates with many a tear,
Hoping to meet again some future year.

Many such recollections—a beautiful throng—
Came back to my mind like the theme of a song
Familiar in childhood, now almost forgot
Until by some trifle to memory brought.
For hours thus I mused, living over the past,
But a call from without aroused me at last.
My beautiful day-dream like a breath passed away,
Giving place to the cares of life's present day;
My friends had departed, my school days were gone,
And I with my folio was sitting alone.

TO A FLOWER.

BY REV. EDEN E. LATTA.

I. IN THE MORNING.

As thou, to greet the sun's returning ray,
Thy weeping petals, pretty flower, dost ope,
So man, the transient being of a day,
When sorrow's night has long obscured his way,
Revives again beneath the light of Hope.

II. IN THE EVENING.

As thou at eve dost fold the dainty lid
That shuts thy little cup with dew-drops wet,
And thus in darkness and in tears art hid,
So man, frail man, the storms of life amid,
Is lost for aye when Hope's bright star is set.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

SOME OF THE SACRED PLACES OF EUROPE.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

IF it is difficult to make a selection in England of its many sites of sacred fame, much more is it on the continent. As we had to leave unmentioned the spots where Knox wrote, and preached, and died; where Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley were burned; where John Rogers went up in a chariot of fire; where Whitefield and Wesley studied, and Wicklif translated the Scriptures, and many other centers of eternal interest, we shall have to pass over a yet greater multitude in this larger field of exploration. But what is selected will be, I trust, of some value in themselves, if of little consequence when compared with the mass that is left unnoticed. They are such as deeply impressed my mind, however feeble may be this attempt to impress yours. The most historically-important center of modern Europe is

WORMS.

There Luther's efforts to revive the true faith met with the imperial hostility. It was the first great turning-point in the history of the Reformation. On a hot August day I was whirled into Worms on an express train, buried in the soft cushions of a dusty car. This did not seem to be sufficiently Lutheran. So having the tree pointed out where he made his memorable declaration about tiles and devils, I walked out to it and reëntered the town in more fitting manner. The tree is a tall, old elm, very gnarled in trunk and branches, with a wide-spreading top, that makes it a sightly object for miles around. It stands on the corner of a clean street, lined with very white cottages, of the little village that has to carry for its name the heavy burden of Pfüfligheim. No wonder it is very small. Such a name would stunt the growth of any infant hamlet, even in Germany. The tree is at the end of the street, where the broad acres open on every side, and straight before us lie the walls and towers of the once imperial city.

The aptness of the story is seen at a glance. Luther coming hither at the summons of the Emperor, is met by his friends at the very spot where, by a turn in the road, the city comes in view. He has yet a chance to return, while if he moves forward over the plains, all honorable retreat is cut off. He listens to their entreaties, declarations of his peril from assassins and from the powers of the State, and their entreaties not to endanger his life and cause by casting himself into the den of lions. He looks up and

sees the den, and most clearly with the mind's eye sees the lions; sees them to be more than lions—demons gnashing on him with their teeth. But the same vision reveals the absolute necessity of courageously meeting these foes. His whole work, past and future, hangs on his present valor. You can see the hard, homely, yet heavenly face illumined with supernal boldness. You can hear the manly voice, calm but resolute, uttering the words that included the whole matter in controversy, and shut off all further expostulation and entreaty. The guide-book doubts if the tree really marks the spot where he gave the famous answer. But the authorities of Worms have no doubts. A brass plate on the tree and an iron fence round it testify to their faith and its fitting works. So we agree with the burghers of the city and the ancient traditions, and yield ourselves to the impressions the spot conveys. Walking thence into town, as he did, and over the road which he walked, we pass along an open country, without fence or hedge. Apple-trees, bending to the ground under their ripening burden, hang over the roadway: fields of yellow grain make a short-lived hedge. The flat acres roll out on each side as far as the eye can reach, with scarcely a swell on their surface. To the east lies the city, with its rows of trees filling the ancient moat, and hiding measurably the harsh walls. Its famous cathedral towers aloft, absorbing in itself all the grandeur, and seemingly all the space of the little town. Beyond, but out of sight, drowsily flows the lazy Rhine. This land has been famous in German song. The Minnesingers loved to call it the Land of Joy, and Christians, in view of its historic relation to their faith, may not deem the title inappropriate.

Worms itself is now a small city of only eight thousand inhabitants. They are evidently poor, and the whole town has a decayed air. The cathedral, though large, is not imposing in style. A half-broken wall encircles it, and weeds and briars grow in its courts. The inside is lofty but drearily naked—void of spiritual warmth as well as majesty. It seems contrary to our judgment that it should still be in possession of the Catholics. While Zwingle's and Calvin's cathedrals were rescued from the Papacy, this is still held in their grasp. It is a barren scepter. No Papal vigor fills its walls. Were the Lutheranism around it as vital as it was originally, it would soon drop from his withered hand. But Protestant weakness makes Papal weakness comparatively strong.

Near the cathedral, on its north-east side, are some grass-grown walls. This was a corner of the bischopshof, or episcopal palace, where the

diet was held to which he was summoned. It is all that is left of the edifice, and so one has full liberty to rebuild the hall of convocation after his own fancy. The spot at least is unchanged. Here he spoke the memorable words, "Here must I stand. I can do no otherwise." Here the Reformation ceased to be a problem and became a fact. The floating fire became solid rock. Amid the present weakness of Popery one can hardly realize the resolution which the utterance of those words required. When you read over Charles the Fifth's statue at Brussels, Dominator of Europe, America, and Asia, you have a slight idea of the temporal power vested in the young prince before whom he stood. When we remember that beside him were the ablest representatives of Leo X, the ablest sovereign in Europe, whose power was feared and flattered by every potentate throughout the world, and who could incite his followers by all the terrors of hell and all the hopes of heaven, the courage of the monk appears sublime beyond all description. Peter before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Nero did not require such Divine support for the duties of that hour as did Luther for those of this. And the strength was according to the day.

The tiles upon the houses of Worms were somewhat numerous. I was a little curious to know how many devils Luther was willing to confront. So upon figuring it up this was the sum. At that time the population was 30,000. Allowing ten persons to a house, this would give us 3,000 houses. Suppose each side of the roof to be twenty feet square, it would be eight hundred square feet for both sides. Allowing one-half a square foot for each tile, will give us sixteen hundred tiles to a house, which is 4,800,000 for the whole city. Almost five million of devils he was willing to face. Such an answer must have stopped all further appeals. He looked up and saw the red-clay shingles blazing in the sun, and the reply sprung to and from his lips. As they turned their anxious eyes cityward, full of anguish and dread, and saw how his courage had overleaped beyond all comparison the narrow limits of their fears, they, too, thanked God and took courage. The seeming extravagance of the reply was needful for him and for them! They saw it instantly. What were five or fifty million of devils to the legions of angels hastening to the spot! The air was full of the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof. More was he that was for them, than all they that were against them. None of the tiles exist that were thus, from no fault of their own, thrown forever into bad company. The city has been bombarded and burnt down

so many times since, that these victims of a comparison have become victims in reality. A Presbyterian clergyman told me he picked up one as a sort of a specimen brick of Luther and Worms. I preferred a leaf of the Luther Baum at Pfifflogheim. The last, in fact, no more represents Luther than the first. Both are successors to their predecessors, though the leaf is a legitimate and the tile an elected representative—the dividing question of royalty and republicanism running even through these insensate things.

ZURICH AND ZWINGLE.

It is an easy transit from Worms to Zurich. A few hours' run up the Rhine, past the falls at Scheffhausen, and we find ourselves at the first of the mountain lakes. It is one of the loveliest of its kindred and no unworthy usher to the mountain waters beyond. High hills roll up on each side, covered with verdure and sprinkled thick with homes of comfort and often of wealth. To the southward glimpses of the coming mountain glories break upon the eye. A peak or two lifts its white spear before the unseen monarchs sitting far behind. At the upper or northern edge of this lake is the picturesque town of Zurich, crowded into the lake and climbing up on the steep hill-sides that overhang it. No spot can be lovelier. In one of these narrow hill-side streets is the cathedral where Zwingli made the Alps reëcho the voice coming up to it from the valley of the north. It is transformed into a Protestant church, and, unlike the English cathedrals, is really useful to the new faith. Pews fill its nave, and honest, homely spirituality is substituted for empty, gorgeous profanity. The pulpit where he preached, with the pillars and walls, are the memorials of the courage and zeal of the youthful priest.

Adjoining the church his study is shown. It is a room about twelve feet square, with low ceiling, very plain and humble in its pretensions. Its low, broad, latticed windows look out on an inner court. His Bible is shown, and a small wood cut representing him as a young clergyman riding a horse, with the words under it, "I have fought the good fight." This is suggestive primarily of his death; for he fell in a battle that occurred within twenty miles of Zurich between his people and those of the neighboring canton. It was one of the first of the bloody conflicts of the thirty years' war that followed the Reformation; for that reform, as our lesser yet only secondary one in America, brought upon itself the armed ferocity of its foes. But the generation that contended manfully for the faith of the Gospel, left their land

to their children and children's children free from the curse of the Papal apostasy. So shall we, if faithful, though through as long a struggle, rid our land of its direst curse, and make it all and always free. He was killed by a Catholic soldier for refusing to pray to the Virgin. The memorials of him, though few, ought not to be overlooked. They are among the sacred places of this continent.

GENEVA AND JOHN CALVIN.

Four places in Geneva are consecrated to the memory of this reformer—his dwelling, church, library, and grave. The first three are near together. In a narrow street near the cathedral is his house. It has nothing peculiar about it, and contains no memorials of him. The church is more fortunate, having the chair in the pulpit in which he used to sit—a straight, high-backed, ungainly chair, narrow in the back of the seat and spreading stiffly out to the front in two straight lines. Curves and grace would have been out of place in the chair from which this most rectangular reformer dispensed theologic doctrine and social morals. The cathedral itself is a fine affair, lofty and stately. The sounding-board over the pulpit is a very elegant piece of workmanship in brass, with a graceful border. These evidences of taste were anterior to him. The chair is more symbolic of his feelings and faith. The library is interesting only for its portraits of the early reformers and its unpublished manuscripts of Calvin. Though he founded it, it has really more memorials of Rousseau than of him. His bust, table, and other remains show the odd but not unnatural results of Calvinism. So the Boston Athenæum has many busts of anti-orthodox leaders, but not one of the great expounders of its original faith. The same thing is noticed in the town. A statue of Rousseau is in the most prominent place of the city; that of him with whose faith the city is far more identified is not yet erected.

The most interesting of all the spots connected with him is his grave. A large, level square is on the plains behind the hill, on whose lake front the city is built. Straight paths lined with trees pass through it. Flowers and shrubs, the ordinary adorning of our cemeteries, give it a cheerful air. Almost to the rear wall, where two of the narrower side paths cross each other, in the midst of the clean gravel, is a little cubic block of gray sandstone, about a foot thick and high. On its slightly-inclined top are the initials J. C. That marks the grave of Calvin. He forbade the erection of a monument. The usage of the Genevese forbids that

one tenants a grave longer than fifteen years. That is why so small a yard has answered for so large a city so many generations. But Calvin's grave has escaped desecration. So much respect they pay him. It is better than a hundred statues and an empty grave. We stand by it, respecting the great soul that contended manfully for the great truths of the Gospel. Though he overlaid them with some hay, wood, and stubble of his own after he had burned up those of Rome, still his zeal against Rome makes us forget his errors as a rebuilder of the faith he had nobly maintained. These shall perish—that will endure forever.

It is a curious fact that Switzerland and Germany are connected with the great failure to revive the true faith a century before as they were in the great success of this generation. John Huss and Jerome, of Prague, were two German ministers, who were tried and condemned in Switzerland, and one of them martyred there. We go naturally therefrom from Worms and Geneva to

CONSTANCE AND JOHN HUSS.

Lake Constance is on the eastern border of Switzerland, as Geneva is on its western. The two cities are not unlike in situation in reference to their lakes—each being on their innermost shore—Geneva at the eastern extremity of its lake, and Constance on its western boundary. Here the analogy fails. The sublimest mountains in the world gird the shores of Geneva. Those of Constance are as sloping and sunny as an English lawn. The town lies on level meadows close to the shore of the lake. It is old, dilapidated, poor, and small, Papal, and, therefore, thriftless.

But the town is of little importance apart from one event in its history. A council happened to be summoned there to suppress the rising conscience of the Church, and the trial, condemnation, and death of its victim make it one of the most sacred places of Europe. Four spots in it are especially consecrated—the hall where he was tried, the cell where he was confined, the church where he was sentenced, and the field where he was burned. The hall is yet standing, and scarcely changed from its original aspect. Within a hundred feet of the shore is an immense building with two stories of stone, a projective story above it of wood, and a very steep roof, so high that it is pierced with three tiers of windows. This is the council chamber, the city hall of that age, whither Pope Martin and Emperor Sigismund came to sit in judgment on the heretical minister. A broad flight of old steps lands us in the primi-

tive hall. Except a small portion partitioned off at the farther end for a museum, it is entirely unchanged. Pillars of unshapen oak support its naked timbers. Stags' heads with their branching horns are their rude ornament. The high roof, open to the ridge-pole, and the great extent of the hall give it almost an artistic architectural effect. It was no unfit place for the mighty gathering of the lords, spiritual and temporal, that convened from all parts of Europe to suppress the liberty of prophesying, which a chaplain of a humble court had seen fit to indulge in. Six thousand of the nobility of Europe, with as many dames of high degree, then filled it. The recalcitrant priest is summoned to appear. A safe pass is promised by the Emperor. He arrives, and is cast into a castle dungeon two miles below the city close to the lake side. He is finally led up to the haughty assembly, and a priest appointed to dispute with him. Wax figures in the costume of Huss and the prelate are placed on a platform on each side of the veritable seats, so said, that the Pope and Emperor occupied. But if Huss was the more powerful in argument his antagonist could fall back on the stronger carnal weapons, and the rebellious Protestant, refusing to recant, is found worthy of death. His safe pass is revoked, and he is thrust into a little cell in a neighboring convent. In the hall is preserved the door of the cell—a heavy, oaken door, covered with bolts and bars. The model of the cell is joined to it, even the little hole a foot square through which light and food reached him. This little spot, not eight feet by four, is his premortuary coffin for ninety days. He is carried to the cathedral to be sentenced. Standing near the great door, almost under the organ-loft over the entrance, he hears the sentence from the high pulpit far up the aisle. The spot where he stood is yet shown. The Cathedral is yet in the hands of the Papists, and the fact of this being its only attraction must be a painful reminder to them of the change of affairs since that day in Europe. The words on the pulpit have had a very strange fulfillment. The Romanists are fond of putting mottoes from Scripture on their pulpits. Round this is inscribed, "Its sound is gone out into all the world." Could any thing be more significant? As Huss probably heard his sentence and read that sentence at the same time, he must have felt like saying, "This day is that Scripture fulfilled in your ears." It has been wonderfully fulfilled since. Less than half a mile from this, just outside of the city, is Brael, the spot where they gave his body to be burned. Brael signifies a district rather than a spot. It

is the beginning of the farming-lands behind the town and up from the lake. The land is thickly covered with vegetable gardens, orchards, deep grass pastures, and embowered cottages. Very pleasant to look upon was the unwall'd, unfenced plain. In its midst, by the side of a by-path crossing the fields, is the place where Huss resisted unto blood striving against sin. Low hills, faint harbingers of the remoter Alps, hung on the horizon. The great fields rolled in pensive loveliness between. Nature was enjoying her midday siesta. Every thing seemed to slumber under the August sun. It was with difficulty that one could revive that day, the swaying crowds, the stately and solemn procession of priests, the disgraced but serene criminal and Christian, the stake, the binding of the victim to the altar of sacrifice, the torch, blaze, pain, patience, and victory—can this place have been the site of those scenes? The peace that pervades it now is not unlike that which possessed him then. If the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain with man, so its pauses of rest may represent that which Christ has already introduced into the fallen race, and prophesy the calm of the new earth and the renewed race wherein shall dwell righteousness. The ground where he died is already prepared for an appropriate monument, which is soon to be erected.

SUMMER SHOWERS.

BY MRS. MARION A. BIGELOW.

SHOWERS are coming
Thick and fast—
Hark, the muttering
Of the blast!

Deep-toned thunder
Pealing near,
Loud and louder,
Shakes the sphere.

Clouds are flying
Through the sky,
Tempests darken
All on high;

Rains in plenty
Quickly pour,
Earth is smiling
Through a shower.

Thus when trials
Cloud my sky,
And mists of gloom
Go frowning by,

Let a gladness
Wreath my brow
Like the sunlight
Gleaming now.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. B. F. CHART, D. D.

CAMPAIGN IN THE EAST.

THE defeat of the Mamelukes at Embabeh was complete. Mourad had left on the field of battle three thousand men, forty pieces of artillery, forty loaded camels, his tents, his horses, his slaves. They abandoned that plain covered with gold, cashmeres, and silk to the victorious soldiers, who gained immense booty; for all the Mamelukes were covered with their most beautiful armor, and carried all that they possessed in jewels, gold, and silver.

Bonaparte slept the same night at Gizeh, and the next day he entered Cairo by the gate of victory. Scarcely had he lodged in Cairo before he dreamed not only of the colonization of the country he had just seized, but also of the conquest of India to the Euphrates. He dictated a letter to the Directory, in which he asks for reinforcements, for arms, for munitions of war, surgeons, apothecaries, doctors, founders, distillers, comedians, gardeners, and sellers of puppets for the people. He sent to Typo-Saeb a courier to propose to him an alliance against the English; then, deluded by that double hope, he started in pursuit of Ibrahim, the most influential bey after Mourad, overthrew him at Saheleyeh, and, while he congratulated himself over the victory, a messenger brought to him the intelligence of the entire loss of his fleet. Nelson had crushed Brucey, the fleet had disappeared as in a shipwreck, no more hope of communication with France, no more hope of the conquest of India. It was necessary to remain in Egypt, or go from it as great as the ancients.

Bonaparte returned to Cairo, celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Mohammed and the foundation of the republic. In the midst of these *fêtes* Cairo revolted, and, while he shelled it from the height of Mokattam, God came to his aid and conducted the storm; all was quiet in four days.

Bonaparte departed for Suez. He wished to behold the Red Sea and set foot in Asia at the same age that Alexander had. He came near dying like Pharaoh—a guide saved him.

Now his eyes are turned toward Syria. The time for disembarking in Egypt had passed and would not return till the month of July following; but he remains, fearing an expedition by Gaza and El Arych, for Djezzar Padia, surnamed the butcher, had just seized the latter

city. It was necessary to destroy that advance guard of the Ottoman Porte, to overturn the ramparts of Jaffa, of Gaza, and of Acre, to ravage the country and destroy all its resources in order to render the passage of an army impossible by the desert. Behold the well-known place, but perhaps then concealed, as Bonaparte always has in store some gigantic expedition buried in the depths of his own thoughts. We shall see. He marches at the head of ten thousand men, divides the infantry into four corps, which he places under the command of Bon, Kleber, Lannes, and Regnier, gives the cavalry to Murat, the artillery to Dammartin, the engineers to Cafarelli Dufalga. El Arych was taken on the 1st *Ventose*—20th February—on the 7th Gaza was occupied without resistance, on the 17th Jaffa taken by assault, sees its garrison, composed of five thousand men, put to the sword; then the route continues triumphal.

They arrive at the town of St. Jean d'Acre, and on the 30th of the same month the breach is opened; here begin our reverses. A Frenchman commands the place—an old comrade of Napoleon. Examined together at the military school, they were sent to their respective corps the same day. Attached to the royalist party, Philippeaux escapes with Sidney Smith from the Temple, follows him to England, and precedes him into Syria; it is against *his* genius more than against the ramparts of Acre that Bonaparte struck. He saw at the first glance that the defense was conducted by a superior man. A regular siege is impossible, it is necessary to storm the place. Three successive assaults are made unsuccessfully. During one of these attacks a shell fell at the feet of Bonaparte; two grenadiers threw themselves before him, placed him between, the two raised their arms over his head and completely covered him. It burst, and, as if by miracle, the fragments respect their devotion; no one was wounded. One of these grenadiers was Daumesnil, a general in 1809, loses a leg at Moscow in 1812, and commands at Vincennes in 1814.

In the mean time succor comes from every direction to Djezzar; the Pachas of Syria have reunited their forces and are marching on Acre. Sidney Smith is hastening to them with the English fleet; finally the plague, that auxiliary more terrible than all others, comes to aid the tyrants of Syria. It is necessary at first to dispose of the army of Damascus. Bonaparte, instead of waiting or falling back at its approach, marches to meet it, joins battle, disperses it in the plains of Mount Tabor, then returns to attempt five other assaults as useless as the first.

St. Jean d'Acre is for him the accursed city, he will not get beyond it.

Every one is surprised that he is so much excited at the taking of a paltry town, that he risks there each day his life and loses there his best officers and bravest soldiers; each one blames him for that fury which seems to have no object. The end—behold it! He explains it himself after one of those fruitless assaults in which Duroc was wounded, for it was necessary that some of the great spirits around him should know that he did not play a madman's game. "Yes," said he, "I see that this miserable town has cost me a vast amount and taken much time, but the thing has gone too far not to make another attempt. If I succeed I shall find in the city the treasures of the Pacha and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will arouse and arm Syria, which is so indignant at the ferocity of Djazzar, whose destruction the people pray for at each assault. I will march on Damascus and Aleppo; advancing into the country, I will increase my army from all the discontented. I will announce to the people the abolition of slavery and of the tyrannical government of the Pachas. I will go to Constantinople; with the armed masses I will overturn the empire of the Turks; I will found in the Orient a new and grand empire, which will fix my place among posterity, and then I will return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." Then, drawing a long breath, he continued, "If I do not succeed in the last assault I wish to attempt I will go away immediately; time presses me. I will not be at Cairo before the middle of June; the winds are then favorable to go to the north of Egypt. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and to Rosetta. It is necessary for me to be there. When with the army, which will come slower by land, I fear nothing for this year. I will destroy every thing to the borders of the desert; I will render it impossible for an army to pass here for two years; one can not live in the midst of ruins."

This latter alternative he is compelled to take. The army retires to Jaffa. Bonaparte visits there the hospital of those infected with the plague. That scene will be the most beautiful composition of the painter, Gros. All that can be transported is taken by sea to Damietta and by land to Gaza and El Arych. Sixty remain, who had but a day to live at best, but who would fall in an hour by the hands of the Turks. The same dire necessity, with brazen heart, that devoted to the sword the garrison of Jaffa still raises its voice. The apothecary

R. distributes, say they, a potion to the dying; instead of the tortures which the Turks reserve for them, they have at least a sweeter agony. Finally, on the 16th of June, after a long and painful march the army reënters Cairo. It was time. Mourad Bey, escaped from Desaix, menaces Lower Egypt; a second time he awaits the French at the foot of the pyramids. Bonaparte prepares for battle; that time it is he who must take the position of the Mamelukes, with the river at his back; but the next morning Mourad Bey had disappeared. Bonaparte was astonished. The same day all is explained; the fleet which he had predicted had landed at Aboukir just at the time foretold. Mourad Bey, by an unfrequented road, had gone to unite with the camp of the Pures.

On arriving there he found the Pacha full of proud hopes. When he had appeared, the French detachments, too feeble to fight him, had fallen back to concentrate themselves. "Ah, well," said Mustapha-Pacha to the Bey of the Mamelukes, "these dreaded Frenchmen, whose presence you are unable to endure, are the men who, as soon as I show myself, fly before me."

"Pacha," replied Mourad Bey, "give thanks to the Prophet that he induced the French to withdraw, for if they should return you will disappear before them as dust before the tempest."

The son of the desert prophesied; some three days from that time Bonaparte arrives. After three hours' fighting the Turks give way and take flight. Mustapha-Pacha surrenders with a bloody hand his saber to Murat, two hundred surrender with him, two thousand lie on the field of battle, ten thousand are drowned, twenty guns, tents, and the baggage fall into our hands, the fort of Aboukir is retaken, the Mamelukes are thrown back to the desert, the English and Turks seek an asylum on their vessels. Bonaparte sent a flag of truce to the vessels concerning an exchange of prisoners, whom it was impossible to guard and useless to shoot, as at Jaffa. In exchange the admiral sent him some wine, fruits, and "*La Gazette de Francfort*" of the 10th of June, 1799. Since the month of June, 1798—that is, for a year—Bonaparte was without any news from France. He cast his eyes on the journal, ran over it rapidly, and cried, "My presentiment has not deceived me. Italy is lost; it is necessary for me to depart." In fact, the French have arrived at a point, which suits him, unhappy enough to greet his arrival, not as an ambitious schemer, but as a savior. Gautheame, called by him, comes immediately. Bonaparte gives

him the order to prepare two frigates, *Le Muiron* and *La Carrèse*, and two smaller vessels, *La Revauch* and *La Tortune*, with rations for four or five hundred men for two months.

On the 22d of August he wrote to the army: "The news from Europe has decided me to leave for France. I leave the command with General Kleber. The army will soon hear the news. I can not tell any more. It costs me much to leave the soldiers to whom I am so much attached, but the separation will be brief. The general whom I leave in command has my confidence and that of the army."

The next day he embarked on *Le Muiron*. Gautheame wished to take the open sea; Bonaparte opposed it. "I wish you to stretch along the coast of Africa as far as possible; follow that route to the south of Sardinia. I have a handful of heroes; I have a little artillery. If the English present themselves I will run ashore on the sands; I will go by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port, and there I will find the means of reëmbarking."

For twenty-one days, a west and north-west wind drove Bonaparte toward the port from which he had sailed. Finally they feel the first east wind. Gautheame spreads all sail, in a short time passes the site of ancient Carthage, doubles Sardinia, sails along the western coast, and on the 1st of October enters the port of Ajaccio, where 17,000 fr. Turkish sequins are exchanged for French silver—that is all Bonaparte carried from Egypt—and at last, on the 7th of the same month, he quits Corsica and sets sail for France, from which he is only seventy leagues. On the 8th he signals a squadron of fourteen vessels. Gautheame proposes to veer off and return to Corsica. "No," said Bonaparte imperiously, "put on all sail; every man to his post; to the north-west, to the north-west, let us hasten!"

The night was passed in inquietude. Bonaparte did not quit the deck; he prepared a large shallop, placed thereon twelve sailors, ordered his secretary to make a selection of his most important papers and take twenty men and run with them on the coast of Corsica. At daylight all these precautions became useless, all these terrors were dissipated, the fleet was sailing toward the north-west. On the 8th of October at daylight they perceived Frejus, at 8 o'clock they entered the roadstead. Soon the report spreads that one of the two frigates bore Bonaparte; the sea was covered with small craft. All the sanitary measures which Bonaparte proposes to violate are forgotten by the people, and when reminded of the dangers which threatened them they answer, "We prefer

the plague to the Austrians." Bonaparte is led, drawn, carried; it is a *fête*, an ovation, a triumph. At last, in the midst of the enthusiasm, the acclamations, the delirious joy, Cæsar sets foot on that land where there is not a Brutus. Six weeks after France has no more Directors, but three consuls, and among the three there is one who is called Sieyes, who knows every thing, does every thing, and is able to do every thing.

We have come to the 18th *Brumaire*—12th November. And here let us pause and ask ourselves what terrible necessity could justify the deliberate slaughter of the thousands of Mamelukes at Jaffa, or the poisoning of sixty victims of the plague? War has horrors like these; Bonaparte was the genius of inexorable war.

GRACE ABBOT.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

"MOTHER, Grace, here's a letter from the soldiers!" shouted burly John Abbot, a boy of twelve, as he bounded into the only room of the cottage, unheeding his sister's shrinking form and pallid face. But his message made him right welcome, and a gleam of joy shot across the chastened faces of both mother and daughter as the former broke the seal and read the gossiping letter from camp, so faithfully picturing the dangers, freedom, and jollity of a soldier's life. They read and reread, dwelling upon each passage, and recalling many reminiscences of the past, John occasionally vociferating in his usual roystering style. Soon the weary invalid, lying over in her cot, fell into a calm sleep, and the two continued their conversation in low tones, the mother for the first time informing John of the dangerous nature of his sister's complaint.

Fair, lovely, and fragile, the child of poverty, instead of that affluence which seemed necessary for her development, at the first bitter storm she was stricken, and now lay wasting with that fell disease which flatters when it gnaws deepest, and deludes even to the bitter end. She suddenly woke with beaming eyes and a face upon which the glory of some beautiful dream-vision was yet resting. She lay gazing into vacancy, rapt in her own inner blissful communings, her mother standing beside her with that startled and solemn expression that betokened her apprehension of the fatal change. Her accents were clear, sweet, and strong as she said, "Mother, I am going."

"Dear child, don't speak in that way."

The hot tears were coursing down the furrowed face, and the silvered head was bending low.

"Dear mother, you must not grieve for me. I have seen a beautiful angel in my dream awaiting me at the pearly gates. And now before I go can you write to Joseph for me, and—to—Willard Fenton?" A faint tinge even then flushed the pale face and lingered a moment upon the marble brow. "Would it be quite right, mother, this last?"

"Quite right, dear; I am ready."

And, suiting the action to the word, she soon tremblingly, tearfully wrote as at the bidding of an angel:

My Dear Brother and Willard Fenton.—Do not let it grieve you that I am dying; do not wish me for one moment apart from the bliss of heaven, since it is the Master's will. I feel as if I had but this one duty to perform, this one earthly joy, and I am going to that golden city "which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon," "for the glory of God doth lighten it." I love you very much, and can not forget for a moment the noble courage and patriotism which has placed you in such circumstances of danger. It is born of God; cherish it with tender care. I think of your thousand kindnesses to me, your ever-watchful love, and the tears spring to my eyes. I have made you a poor return, dear brother. There comes over me now a stunning memory of your boyish protection and watchful care, and my own unmindfulness of it. Dear Joseph, I have no words to express my sense of your unchanging love or to picture my hopes for the future. I remember well how selfishly I pleaded with you not to enlist, and strove by vain arguments to stifle the noble emotions in your breast, which have since so richly developed. I shiver even now at the thought of the casualties to which you are exposed. I tremble for the dire temptation of the camp, but God is with you there, and in him I repose. It may be that in the glory of your days you are to fall a sacrifice to liberty, and, Joseph, Willard, have you made your peace with God? There is a beauty and blessedness in faith that passeth understanding. "the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for." If I could only impart to you, if but for an instant, the depth and mystery of that joy, that perfect trust, clear communion with spiritual things, which I now feel, you could not but believe that to heirs of the kingdom are given great riches. You would never cease to strive for its blessing, and you could not fail if you came with willing hearts. You say it could not be amid the recklessness of the camp, the crime, profanity, obscenity which ever follows the army. God can make it possible. It is glorious that his mercy can overrule all combinations of evil. Willard has been in the hospital. He knows whether it is easier to maintain a cheerful and contented frame of mind in the camp or among the wounded and suffering like himself. Thank God that this inner sense of divine acceptance, this perfect fullness, is not begotten of circumstances. It was given to me when life was fair and joyous, and, bless God, it does not forsake

me now in this hour of trial. I see my glorious Master coming—the light of his countenance penetrates my inmost soul—the white-winged angels come—I mount—I soar—I fly—my Savior—Joseph—Willard—remember John—mother—

It was over. The mother gazed awe-struck and tearless at the panting form and glorified face, so beautiful in life and so lovely and triumphant in death.

THINE ALONE.

BY SARAH H. CLARK.

WEARY and faint I come,
Savior, to thee,
Take me and make me thine,
My only plea;
Thine to walk willingly
O'er the dark way,
Though my eye catcheth not
One glimpse of day.
Yet fear I as I pray
Make me thine own;
Many a cherished one
Have I enthroned;
Given to gods of clay,
Love that was thine,
Laying my richest gifts
Down at their shrine.
Can I walk willingly?
Rough is the road,
Laden with many a sin,
Heavy my load;
Weary of bearing it,
Fainting I lay,
Dark clouds of unbelief
Hiding each ray.
Yet, Savior, still I pray,
Thine—thine alone;
Idols and gifts I lay
Here at thy throne;
Take loved and love away
If thus thy will,
But through the dreary way
Love thou me still.
Help me walk willingly,
Whate'er the way,
Knowing thy tender hand
Leads not astray.
Give me, O, give me grace,
Conquer my sin,
Till all my life shall tell
God reigns within.

FAITH.

FAITH lights us through the dark to Deity;
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death—
To break the shock that nature can not shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.
YOUNG.

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFIT, D. D.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

SEATED in this beautiful "sealed house," not by our "sea-coal fire," but in the presence of a far greater comfort hereafter to be portrayed, all warm and cheery, while the blasts of this Northern clime are blowing furiously around the corners of our Swedish home, on the very edge of the frost-fringed Baltic, and while the dancing splendors of the pole,

"That flit ere you can point their place,"

are cutting fantastic figures, or marching like regiments of armed men, from one side of the heavens to the other, let us close up our mortal eyes and try whether our mental vision, running backward over the way we have journeyed, can once more penetrate the eternal cloud of fog and smoke that broods over that memorable spot, which the people of all lands have agreed to call London.

II. Will the reader undertake to tell me, of all the renowned institutions and celebrated localities of which this great city is the aggregation, which he would himself select first to go to, as an interested traveler from the shores of our new, fresh, but intelligent and curious America? As a mere historian, I can fancy him hastening to some place marked by some epochal fact, which is known as constituting an era in British history. As a patriot, I can see him wending his way at once to some locality connected with the eventful lives of those great statesmen, whose eloquence, or courage, or sufferings have had more or less to do in providing for or shaping the destinies of his native country. As a Christian gentleman, I imagine how rapidly he takes his way, almost the hour he lands there, to Southwark or Ludgate Hill, where were the "conventicles" of the early Pilgrims, the ancestors of those later Pilgrims, who laid the foundations of our great Republic, or to City Road Chapel, the first meeting-house of that Wesley who lighted the fires of the second Reformation. As a philanthropist, a promoter of the welfare of the human family, and alive to the reputation and even glory of his fellow-laborers, I can behold him alighting in haste from his carriage, and inquiring eagerly of intelligent passers-by for the veritable residence, or lodgings, or familiar haunts of some immortal lover of his species, whose fame has inspired his own great deeds in a distant land. As a literary man, or a lover of literary characters, and reader of literary works, I know with what alacrity he

would almost leap to those places, where Shakespeare and his friends, where Milton and his daughters, where Johnson and his worshippers, where Addison and Steele with their coadjutors, where Macaulay and his copyists, where Dickens and his once repudiated but now restored and always faithful wife, have made for themselves a resting-place, and for the world a classic spot, to which the feet of all genuine admirers of human genius will never fail to tend. It may be, however, that my reader is a military man; and in that case it is easy to conceive how zealously he seeks to look upon those lofty columns, or to visit those historic grounds, which commemorate the gallantry and glory of Wellington, of Nelson, and of the many heroic generals of which this British capital is full.

So pertinent and powerful are these specific influences, which so naturally attract individuals according to their particular employments, that my reader will at once set me, I imagine, *en route* for some one of the localities herein pointed out; but, if this be so, I must pronounce him for this time under a mistake. I must assure him, that, though each and all of these had their potency upon my memory, and fancy, and even feelings, there is one spot, one institution, more potent than all others upon every faculty and feeling of my nature. It is a spot, an institution, of which I had been reading and wondering for more than thirty years. It is a spot, an institution, to which I had been for half a lifetime resolved to go before that lifetime should close, if to visit it and stay in it for a season were the only reward for crossing the Atlantic. That spot, that institution, reader, is the British Museum, which, to justify this decided partiality, I must now lay open to your inspection.

III. My readers have doubtless been frequently surprised, as I have been in my earlier days, at the magical transformation of some American tyro, noted at home for his want of information, who, on stepping across the water, seemed to step at once into a remarkable quantity of not only knowledge but erudition. He appeared immediately to shine in almost every literary quality, as historian, antiquary, critic, overflowing with the most abstruse learning, with classical quotations constantly dropping from the ends of his fingers, and with a style rivaling at times the diction of our best writers. On his return, he was pretty sure to come out with a book, in which you were called upon, at every page, to admire his powers of observation, the amount of facts which he had accumulated, and the wonderful rapidity of the process of turning a blockhead into a savan by simply crossing the

Atlantic. But the mystery is very simple. The brainless fellow has been doing nothing in the world but running from place to place, with the speed of an antelope, and gazing with the stare of an owl, and then sitting up nights to read and write out the hand-books, oftentimes very learnedly and tastefully executed, with which Europe is overwhelmed. Like those masterly sermonizers, who fill their shelves with sketch-books, and astonish their auditors with the abilities and eloquence borrowed for the time, they plume their productions with the most gaudy colors, but with feathers not at all their own. Having, for thirty years, denied shelf-room to all clerical sketch-books whatever, and having never read half a dozen pages of such a volume in a lifetime, so, as a traveler in foreign countries, I have set my foot down on guide-books of every name and nature, resolving to see nothing rather than to be compelled to look through another man's eyes. I came here to look for myself, and honor a good memory, rather than to become the dupe of those who may have had motives for what they write to which I should not be willing to defer.

So then, reader, in going into this wonderful institution known as the British Museum, we will pass by all these people who stand at the entrance offering us catalogues and guides of every size and price, and stand a moment to look for ourselves on the majestic façade of this great edifice. We have entered the yard from Great Russel-street, opposite to the center of the structure, which stretches for about two hundred feet to our right and left. The yard is surrounded by a very high and massive iron fence, between which and the building there is a very beautiful lawn, as green as it is possible for grass to be, as well as neatly kept. We are looking upon an edifice about the size, and not very unlike the shape, of our Capitol at Washington; and here it has been standing, though enlarged and beautified from time to time, for about one century. The story is, that Sir Hans Sloan, about a hundred years ago, sold to the nation a collection of specimens in natural history, worth about \$250,000, for \$100,000; and the first building was erected here to hold them. This was the beginning, and only the beginning, both of the collections now here and of the magnificent edifice that covers them. The existing structure, when its predecessors had several times proved too small to contain the growing treasures, was put up at a cost of nearly \$5,000,000; and it is certainly one of the proudest monuments I have seen of British architecture. But let us now go in and survey the vast stores of curiosities here brought to-

gether, and arranged, as I have known for years, into eight general departments. Nor will we visit these at random, or even follow the order in which, like every thing European, they have been displayed without proper respect to their chronology:

1. Let us first go to the Egyptian Department, where we shall find the earliest monuments of the race, and put ourselves, face to face, in the presence of the civilization of the Pharaohs. It consists of several vast rooms, each as spacious as a large church, which are filled with winged lions, winged bulls, enormous heads and busts of Egyptian kings and queens, of gods and goddesses, and with the monuments of Egyptian mythology and history, most important as indices to the antiquities of Egypt, that cradle of human learning, as well as of philosophy and art, without which we have no knowledge of that earliest of the nations beyond the few references to them to be found in the Mosaic writings. Here are not only tablets covered all over with the hieroglyphic and arrow-headed inscriptions of this most ancient people, from which we get glimpses of their ideas, government, religion, society, and habits, but here also are paintings, taken from their catacombs and pyramids, setting before our very eyes the best representations they could make of their manners, customs, and general aspect, at home and abroad, both in peace and war. Here we have specimens of their household utensils, in pictures or in stone, and a thousand similar monumenta of their domestic and social life. Right here, in fact, with his Bible in his hand, and with the works of Champollion, of Wilkinson, of Young, and of our other great antiquaries within reach, a philosopher may sit down and look upon these antiquities, reading and studying their inscriptions, till he has come to some just conclusions, or perhaps to a truthful theory, of the precise civilization of this most ancient people. He may demand of these monuments what solution this Egyptian intellect gave of the great problem of the universe; what it resolved in respect to nature, man, and Deity; what it demonstrated or conceived with regard to eternity as well as time; what the great thinkers of that pristine and powerful race decided upon as to the origin, progress, and destiny, here and hereafter, of mankind, and of the creation itself, of which we constitute so insignificant a part; and he may cause these relics of antiquity to respond to this demand. This, indeed, if I may speak so frankly, is the precise aim I have myself had in view for years; and I have wished, after silently listening to what Egypt has to utter upon this subject, to

carry and submit the same problem to every other most ancient race and nation, whose monuments are here to answer for them.

2. Let us now pass along into the Assyrian Department, which contains the remarkable collections of Layard and of Rawlinson, from the chief cities of the old Babylonian empire, where we may behold the relics of the civilization next succeeding that of Egypt. Here we have, in vast quantities, almost every thing to be desired for the study of the ideas and theories of the thinking men of Babylon and Nineveh. Almost every one passing into this department, however, I see goes rapidly through and soon passes out, not because there is not food here for solemn study and awful contemplation, but because the crowds know nothing of the wonderful significance of these remains. The race, whose history is here contained, were once the masters of the world, and the most thoughtful and knowing people of their period. They had their great philosophers; their science, particularly their astronomy, and perhaps their natural history, were the glory of their age; and their civilization, with their loftiest conceptions of their past and future, and of the whole creation, is impressed upon these marble and granite monuments. Let these crowds, if they will, pass them as they would common stones. They are no common stones, reader, to you and me. They are silent now; but they have a language and a voice; they can tell us what their nation thought of the riddle of human life, and of the eternal secret of existence, here and hereafter, if we will only compel them to utter what they know. Let us do it. Let us sit down, right in the august presence of these antiquities, some of them older than Nebuchadnezzar, and summon them to speak. We will know from them what the greatest of the Chaldeans had to say, and what they did say, in relation to that sublime question of the universe, which you and I wish to solve. The world will tell us, I know, that the makers of these remains were miserable idolaters. Let it be so; but they were the most intellectual people of their day; they had intellects among them, too, without a doubt, as imperial and far-reaching as any in our times; and, therefore, with all our superior light and advantages, I am desirous to know what they thought of the problem of the universe, and of the enigma of humanity, even though I come to them with the Bible in my hand.

3. We may now go forward to those immensely long rooms, which constitute the Grecian Department, where we shall first touch upon the outer edge of a half-mythic and half-historic era, and in which we may trace the

progressive development of the Greek civilization, from that time when its demigods and heroes were the staple of its texture, till the period of its real history, when the genius of the race broke forth into a blaze of splendor, which has been ever since the wonder and glory of the world. Here, too, we may sit for an hour or two, after walking through the apartments, and calmly contemplate the early ideas and later triumphs of the Grecian mind. Here is a whole room of vast proportions stored and even crowded with the earliest antiquities of that fascinating people. Another room, equally capacious, is full of another class of antiquities taken from the temple of Apollo, which scholars remember as having stood near the city of Phigalia. Still another room, of larger proportions than either of the others, is given up to the spoils taken from the Parthenon at Athens, known as the Elgin marbles, and on which are inscriptions of the greatest interest and value. Two or three rooms still farther on are alive with the sculpture of the Greek artists; and here there are single statues worthy of a week's examination, while the number of masterpieces is actually so great, that they must be reckoned by the hundred. Here stand the marble portraits of the great men of Greece; here are tangible conceptions of their deities; here we behold many of the brightest pages of Grecian history cut deep in stone; and here we may linger and hold high contemplation with the authors of these immortal works, and through these, submit our standing problem to the most intellectual if not the wisest of mankind. We know from their writings what the Greeks thought of God, man, and nature, and of the great questions of the present and the future, but these marble volumes connect their theories with the theories that had preceded them, and cast their light forward also to those theories and civilizations which were yet to come.

4. When Greece was at the zenith of her glory, however, Italy was the Hesperia, or the West, to which the whole world had turned its gaze. Italy was the next theater of civilization; and it is the Italian Department, therefore, which contains the Etruscan and the Roman antiquities, to which we must now find our way. Etruria had a history, when the foundations of the Roman State were being laid; and here we have the richest collection of Etruscan remains, illustrating every department and phase of domestic, social, and public life, which the most exacting antiquary could desire. And then comes the Roman period, hard and square with its positive reality, but bending and spreading, however ungracefully, to take in the ideas and

conceptions of the more fanciful and polished Greeks, and at last capacious enough to hold in its embrace all the actual achievements and even the hopes and phantasies of all the eras and nations of the globe. What we have not found in former civilizations, therefore, or what we did not comprehend when found, we may here study, in this Italian Department, where every object is so completely drawn and so fairly and sharply cut. Rome may be studied, not so much for her own conceptions, as for the medallion squareness, and plainness, and emphasis of her interpretation of what other races had conceived. Rome is the outspoken interpreter of all prior ages, all the more to be relied on in this capacity, because she had no conceptions of her own. Here, then, let us get down at the feet of this Roman oracle, and demand of her what she has learned of the ideas of every older people, and what conclusions she has been compelled to by the facts and speculations of other lands. Her great authors we have read; but here are monuments older than her authors; and here we will submit our question of the universe, and listen to what the sensible civilization of old Rome has had to say.

5. Europe, however, has a second antiquity; for the overthrow of the Roman empire and the night of the Middle Ages covered her nations with oblivion; and it is only since the revival of learning in the fifteenth century of our era, that the savans of the more enlightened countries have been exhuming the monuments of what was known and conceived by the European populations, including Italy, when they were subject to the universal Roman power. By these efforts, each nation has been shown to have had ideas, opinions, theories of religion and of life, which carry us back far toward the very beginnings of mankind; and here, therefore, in another *suite* of rooms, as extensive as any in this edifice, we have the antiquities of these European nations. Here is the medieval collection, taken from all these nations promiscuously, including frescoes, and pottery, and porcelains of very curious designs and of great significance; here, too, is the old British collection, with its Portland vase, and all manner of old things illustrative of British civilization, or barbarism it may be, before and after the days of Julius Caesar; here is the celebrated Maskell collection of ivory carving and the medal-room full of eloquent memorials of a by-gone period; here, too, is the collection taken from the ashes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which show us the condition of imperial Roman civilization at the moment when Christianity was just beginning to be a power; and above all, here are the wonderful

ethnological collections, by whose aid we may trace out all the races of mankind, in all their gradual but multiplied deviations from the original type of man. All the existing nations have contributed to this department; every age since the fall of Rome has done something to enrich it; within its ample apartments we may see what was said of our great problem after the dawn of revelation had commenced to dispel the shades of paganism from our horizon, and to throw the auroral light of the true religion over the nations of the world; and here, therefore, we will remain for some hours together, till these old records, till this coffin of Cleopatra and these Roman coins of Threadneedle-street shall unite with all this multitude of antiques to tell us what they know.

6. When one great question has been put to all these monuments of human genius, which declare to us the opinions of the most enlightened races and nations of mankind, we are prepared to take a farther step, not only in the examination of this great Pantheon of knowledge and of thought, but in the settlement of our opinions of the future from the lessons of the past. Hitherto, in these rambles among the ruins of olden time, we have been asking man what he had had to say for himself, as of nature and of God. We are now prepared to demand of Nature what she has to offer concerning God and man; and here, in these vast galleries of natural history, throughout these nineteen spacious and contiguous rooms, we have every thing that mineralogy, geology, zoölogy, ornithology, and botany have to show, both of the present and the past. The mineralogy of this institution furnishes specimens of every rock, gem, ore, metal, that science has found on earth. Its geology presents sections of every known formation, and fossils of every living and extinct animal, bird, fish, and plant, from the most gigantic to the most diminutive, among which are contained a human fossil skeleton, an enormous megatherium born before the Flood, and those monstrous reptiles of both land and water, which are said to carry us back to the hour when the world was made. Its zoölogy contains all the varieties and species of every genus, order, and class of the animal kingdom, of which history or science has given an account, the last accession being M. du Chaillu's gorillas, which caused such an excitement among savans but a short time ago. The rooms appropriated to the feathery tribes are exceedingly brilliant, showing the most ample collection of all the inhabitants of the air, from the lordly cocks that confine themselves mostly to the solid earth, to the humming-birds of every clime which so seldom

alight, and from the mighty but bungling albatross that skims over the sea, to the transcendently-beautiful and almost imaginary bird of paradise, whose wings might almost be called wings of streaming and nodding rainbows. In botany, besides the fossil remains, there is a specimen of every known plant, and blocks of every sort of tree, with all the varieties of each as produced by the varying soils and climates of the world. Here, indeed, Nature has been caused to report herself, and that the most amply, in every department of her works; and here, therefore, we may again sit down for hours, or days, and decipher what has been by what now is. Nature, with her thousand voices, shall be made to tell us what the ancient thinkers meant by their mythologies and fables founded on what they saw, and where those thinkers understood and mistook the speech of Nature, and then how we may profit by the error and the truth of every age in solving the problem of what is, has been, and is to be.

7. Having thus carried our great question to the ruling minds of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, the medieval nations, and finally to the school of Nature, we have the glorious opportunity left us of taking it at last to that vast treasury of books, known as the library of the British Museum, which may be considered either as the complement or key to all this boundless emporium of civilizations and of science. Without this collection, the institution would be entirely incomplete; with it, on the other hand, we may sit down here, in any of these departments, and transport ourselves to any nation, or period, within the known boundaries of either space or time. It contains the great works in all the departments of human knowledge so amply illustrated in these collections of antiquities and of natural history. It comprises a rich selection of ancient manuscripts, and all those immense compilations of ancient and medieval as well as modern history, which have employed and explained these historical collections, and those elaborate productions, the wonder of their times, in which the circle of the sciences has been comprehended. It is a remarkable fact, that there is not an object of the many thousands within these walls, whose place in history or in nature, and whose significance and value as a means of knowledge, can not be ascertained and fixed by the volumes upon these loaded shelves; and then, beyond this ample field, there is a great store of publications, rare, erudite, and masterly, on every topic of general interest to reading and thinking men. There is also here a collection of literary curiosities. Here are copies of the first editions of the first books

issued after the discovery of the art of printing, in Latin, in German, and in English. Here, too, are collections of the very earliest pictures from the press. Here are the autograph writings, or signs manual, of the old kings and queens of the European nations, as well as the great characters in European history. There is scarcely any thing wanting, indeed, to make this library a fit companion of this wilderness of representatives of science, of history, and of art; and there is no spot in Europe to which my feet have so long desired to come, nor any other where a thinking person can obtain half the help in his studies of man, of nature, and of God.

8. But I must not forget, even after all this strain of eulogy, that there is one other department, of which the institution was for many years deficient, but which has at length been added to make it perfect. This is the noble reading-room, accessible only to literary men, but where they can come, and read, and study from early morning till the close of every day. The room is a vast hollow cone, or truncated cone, of which the floor is the base, while through the sides and top pours down the mellow light, always sufficiently tempered by the thick atmosphere of the city, giving to the readers the sensation of reading in the shade. The floor's diameter is one hundred and forty feet, furnishing space for nearly three hundred and fifty readers, each one of whom has a reading and writing desk surrendered to him alone, where he can sit and call for any work to be found within the catalogue, and this for any number of years successively, without the cost of a copper for it all. He can not be disturbed in his studies, for the floor is covered with a material that admits of no reverberation, while none but readers are admitted without special introduction. This department, indeed, is the crowning glory of this wonderful institution; and I will close by saying, that, as it was the first object of interest to me on entering London, so it is the one to which I aspire most to come, that I may spend in it at least one studious and thoughtful year before I die.

HOW FAMILIES SCATTER AND DECLINE.

FAMILIES decline as do empires; each succeeding day some part of life's ancient honors are lost; the descent that leads to adversity is precipitate and rapid. Children detach themselves from their parents: parents separate themselves from their children. Thus all fades, till the last great scene lets fall the curtain of death and oblivion.

LYRIC POETRY IN FRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SAINT HILAIRE.

BY L. AMELIA DAYTON.

IN every age and every country poetry is made up of three elements—the object, or the poetic material that Providence has strewed with liberal hand around us and implanted deep within us; the subject, which perceives this matter, appropriates and reacts upon it; the form or expression, which varies with each people and each individual. The first of these three elements, pure poetry, existed before the poet; it can not then die with him. Since the world began, and as long as it shall continue, there always has been and always will be, both in nature and the human heart, the same sum of disposable poetry. The form in which to clothe it, the vase for receiving it may be lacking, the stream may be lost in the arid sands, but the fountain, which is a memento of Eden, and the consoler for its lost joys, gushing forth from our disinherited earth that day when pain and death entered by sin, this perennial fountain has not yet ceased to flow. Look at that sun which sets so calmly and beautifully behind yonder mountains; interrogate that which you feel within when you regard it—no, poetry can not die.

It is more enduring than the Alps, for it is coexistent with the soul by which it is perceived. But it is not enough that it is scattered every-where in nature, like beauty, in inexhaustible profusion; it is not enough that it is found in the human soul, in the germ and latent, it is necessary that it should meet in this soul a disposition like that of the prism, which transfigures the images it reflects, lending them colors they have not of themselves.

Is the French people then, as a whole, gifted with what we may call the poetic temperament? The answer to this question is found at once in the history of its literature and in its national characteristics. Let us first consider its history. The poetic instinct has always existed among the French as among other nations. The grand current of faith and conquest beginning with Charlemagne and ending with Saint Louis, early fertilized the virgin field of poetry. But the true muse of France is action, not reflection. So the recitative, which is met with in the infancy of every literature, prevailed in France at that epoch. When serious it was the *épopée*, containing the germ of tragedy; when sportive it was the *fabliau* or metrical tale of the *Trouvères*, which was one day to give birth to comedy. The song of Roland, the oldest

monument of the poetry of France, the poems of Ogier, the Dane, and of Alexander display a vividness of imagination that would do honor to civilized ages. But the language oscillating still between the dying Latin and the French that had not yet struggled into life, was not equal to the subject. The Dante who could create it had not come and was not to come. Consequently, in all this forest of chivalric poems there was no epic worthy of the name. Neither Iliads nor rhapsodies were wanting, but a language and a Homer.

Evidently France had not yet found her true path, and she was not slow in perceiving this. By degrees the *fabliau* crept into the *épopée* till it overthrew it. The trifling and the serious, sarcasm and faith were intermingled, as in the Cycle of Arthur and the Round Table. As the religious enthusiasm which prompted the crusades died away, Poetry fell again to earth; and she had not, alas! very far to fall. To the poem of Roncevaux, the living echo of national glories and reverses, succeeded the romance of *Renard*, a satirical picture of a society in which cunning not unsuccessfully contends for empire with strength. Then came the Romance of the Rose, with its profane lessons in the art of loving. An innumerable harvest of *fabliaux*, of satirical and light poems sprang up spontaneously, like tares from a soil which can not remain fallow. The era of high poetry ended in France with the heroic era. The French intellect at last asserted itself, and found expression in a literature created in its own image.

Lyric poetry had no more place in this new literature than had the sentiment of individuality, so utterly foreign to the Celtic race, while so prominent in the German. The French Pindar was wanting even more than the Homer. Some may be inclined to dispute this, and cite the troubadours, the "gay science," and the poetic movement of Southern France from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. In this movement we can indeed discern a great lyric impulse, and one of the living springs whence Dante and Petrarch drew. But the language of *Oc* has very little in common with the language of *Oël*, and, consequently, with the modern French. They are two sister branches of one Latin stock, but put forth their boughs in opposite directions. They differ in rhythm, harmony, and interpretation, in form and matter. What has resulted from the romantic poetry, so refined in sentiment, so varied in rhythm, so sensual in spirit? A civilization as ephemeral as itself, an abortive attempt at free thought soon stifled at the stake, and soft dia-

lects which the people speaking them are beginning to drop. The primary source of the idiom and genius of France is the *langue d'Oïl*, homely, sarcastic, full of the old Gallic malice—not the subtle discussions of gentlemen at ease in their chateaux, nor the fine-spun lyricism of the *Cours d'Amour*, but the bantering spirit of peasants and townspeople, each one a coarse Aristophanes, whose muse is irony, to whom poetry is a weapon—the tongue and poetry of villains, whose revengeful laugh at nobles and monks pricks like the sting of a wasp. The language of the gentlemen died with the poetry of the South in their deserted chateaux; the language of the people, the language of the North survived to become the immortal idiom which should suffice for the literary triumphs of a nation. But its poetry is still, if the truth were spoken, merely a measured prose, its monotonous assonances that occur in exhaustive succession, indicating even now its prosaic and railing origin.

The Revival of Letters could do nothing for it, neither the genius of classic antiquity, which flourished again with less virility in effeminate Italy, nor the austere muse of Dante, nor the harmonious sighs of Petrarch could naturalize lyric poetry upon the soil of France. The influence of Spain and Italy, so perceptible in the following century, affected but slightly the hard ground-work of the Gallic character. The literary genius of France, clearly apparent under Francis the First, was the work of her great prose writers. Five or six centuries before Greece had a prose she had a fixed language, to which Homer had given its most poetic form. France, on the contrary, found her prose while looking for her poetry. The oldest of her poets date from the following century. The school of Ronsard, in its unskillful copying of antiquity, was but an unsuccessful attempt to dower France with the elevated poetry which of herself she lacked. The time had not come for the theater; that for the epic had already passed, despite the noble but fruitless effort of Agrippa d'Aubigné.

As to familiar poetry, those who cultivated it for pastime despised it. Ronsard did not suppose he would owe his fame, if fame it be, to such unpretending verses as these—

"Mignonne, allons voir si la rose,"

when his *Soleil Porte-perruque* and his bombastic imitations of Homer should be forgotten. However, the popular poet at that date was not Ronsard but Marot, the reckless liver, who was as prodigal of his talent as of his life; Marot, awhile the poet of the Reformation as Calvin

was its legislator, but comprehending its severe grandeur no better than that of the Psalms he translated.

From the study of the origin of French literature let us pass to that of the national character. Why has France waited till now for a lyric poetry? Because the inspiration of the crusade, her only inspiration to elevated poetry, died with Saint Louis, and, dating from Philip the Handsome, all the second half of her mediæval literature seems to be a satire on the first and a disavowal of it. The cold wind of doubt and irony had chilled the French muse. In order to sing one must believe and feel emotion without blushing for it or laughing at it. The essential idea of poetry, of the arts, indeed of all that which elevates the mind, is to render men better. Now, it is a trait of the French to pretend to be worse than they are. Much has been said of French gayety and French wit, yet there is something saddening about this gayety and fearful in this vaunted wit. There is a jovial, innocent laugh, candid as that of childhood, that expands the soul and does it good; there is another less beneficial in its effects—the laugh of derision. To laugh at the faults of others is not the surest means of correcting our own. I very much doubt that any one has left the theater a better man from having seen the *Wicked Man* played, or more generously disposed for having been present at a representation of the *Miser*. This irresistible desire to amuse one's self with a neighbor's faults while forgetting one's own lies at the very foundation of the French character; not, indeed, that the French are more wicked than others; acts with them are of more worth than words, and the heart outvalues the mind; but they must have their laugh at every thing, even their best sentiments; and from Rabelais to Voltaire what has not been laughed at in France? Now, there is no disposition more hostile to the spirit of poetry, which shuts its eyes to the weaknesses of humanity, and looks only at its beautiful phases, raising the ideal so high that men must grow to attain it.

Again: in the legends of the North woman is sacred, and marriage partakes of her sanctity. The heroine of the popular poems of the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon races is always a virgin pure as the snows of their cold Winters. But open the *fabliaux*, and even the oldest chivalric poems of France, who is generally their heroine? A married woman, who has been or will be false to her vows. On whom does the interest of the French poetic legends depend? On the bold lover and faithless wife. What excites our laughter? The credulous and

deceived husband from the good King Mark down to Sganarelle. Rabelais found in the *fabliaux* this tradition old as France, La Fontaine and Molière continued it, and the great king lent it the authority of his example and life. "Of all funny things," said Beaumarchais, "marriage is the most serious"—a speech which could only be made in France.

Is it known who, previous to Voltaire, was the most complete representative of the national genius? It was Rabelais, the pitiless jester, whose witty effrontery recalls Aristophanes in his less imposing aspects. Not that we deny the jovial curé of Mendon all serious feeling, nor know in what elevated and appreciative terms he speaks of education and the Gospel, and he would likely have said more on the latter subject if he had not been afraid of being burned! But do we not see the constant type of the Frenchman in this Panurge, this braggart in vice, to whom nothing is sacred, who is ready to laugh at every thing and every body with old Gallic irony, piercing as the arrow that flies to its mark heedless of its path—irony I grant more malicious than wicked, sporting with holy things, marriage included, without wishing to destroy them? A prose writer and thinker of the first order, Rabelais was exactly the man to kill poetry, or, what amounts to the same thing, to prevent its development; and what Rabelais commenced Montaigne completed with the careless and skeptical smile that was much more dangerous than the frank laugh of the other. An unformed language, possessing two prose writers of such force, to say nothing of Calvin, could do very well without verse, and had no difficulty in filling its place.

The nations of the North have their poetry, of which the spirit of religion is the profound and hidden well-spring—a poetry tender and grave by turns, partaking of the human as well as the divine, and preferring the simple and primitive emotions. The South has its poetry also, luxuriant as nature in its sunny climes, superficial as is its own religion—all shows and festivals. These opposite forms of poetry have severally a reason for existence in the modes of belief, the memories, and even the nature of the two races. Whichever one may prefer each has its appropriate place in the world. But the French, a frontier people, sharing the two elements and the two natures, Latin in language and customs, Celtic rather than German in its distinctive genius, belongs really neither to the North nor the South. Attracted in turn to the poetry of each, first to that of Italy and Spain, at the present day to that of England and Germany, it has yet to decide

which it prefers. In default of a decision it has fallen back upon its prose, and as it is the least poetic of all nations, it rightly boasts of having the first prose in the world.

We have proof that poetry does not spring spontaneously from the soil of France in the fact that it is the only nation that has no popular poetry. When we listen to the rondeaus of the French children in the public gardens they disgust us by their silliness, as do the refrains of the people by their affectation or obscenity. The song is undoubtedly indigenous to France, but, unless changed, as by Beranger, to the ode, it is more a satire than any thing else. It seeks its inspiration in the mind, rarely in the heart. The domain of popular songs is a humble one, but the genius of a nation is, perhaps, best revealed in it. If France has excelled in the ditty, satire and broad humor have gained more by it on the whole than poetry.

To pass from matter to form, if the genius of the French is little inclined to poetry, what can be said of their language? What eulogium can be pronounced on their wonderful prose that would not be at the same time a criticism of their verse? How poor a poetic instrument is this indistinct and inharmonious tongue, in which nasals and mutes predominate, and rhythm is lacking, for it possesses in reality neither long nor short syllables! All other European languages have an accent, a rest for the voice on each word. The French has none, or places it on the last syllable, which is the same as having none. Other languages have a special meter for the drama, the decasyllabic, which, like the ancient Iambic, with its movable but always perceptible cæsura, permits the author to break the verse without mutilating it, for the rhythm remains, and the accent expected and caught by the ear, reminds us in the most interrupted dialogues that we are listening to music. On the other hand the most consummate actor of the French stage is he who, like Talma, succeeds in making us forget that he is reciting verses; the most finished poet is he whose verses most resemble prose.

This is not all. Every other idiom of the civilized world has a spare vocabulary, in which the most harmonious words are laid aside, as if, once profaned by the vulgar uses of life, they would no longer answer for the converse of the muse. The French alone has for the two different purposes only one dictionary, one limited yet self-sufficient language, proud of the pliancy that it owes to the contact of so many fine geniuses, capable, indeed, of expressing every thing in the unrivaled prose which could compensate for the loss of all the verses in the

world. The missing poetical vocabulary is replaced by a conventional language, which recalls that of Molière's "Affected Ladies," always afraid to call things by their right names. When the proper word is the only one suitable to be used a circumlocution is substituted, as through fear of those familiar words which the bolder Dante sought among the washerwomen of the Arno.

"But do you count for nothing," the French will ask, "all our poets and all the laurels of our country—do you accept only our prose writers?" My good friends, I am not blaming the musicians, still less the music, only the instrument. Racine, born like Lamartine, with the instinct of numbers and harmony, would have been in any age or tongue a poet, an accomplished musician. But what obstinate labor did it not require to subdue as he did "the beggarly language," as Voltaire calls it, that will not be enriched, and boasts of being able to express every thing with a small stock of words. André Chemier, still bolder than Racine, thanks to his intimate acquaintance with ancient poetry and his profound study of its various meters, has been the first to give by his new divisions to the heavy and monotonous Alexandrine the grace and beauty that it lacked. Such gifts are rare, and result from a favorable combination of genius and circumstances not to be looked for every day. Such passive resistance does the language oppose to poetry that a true poet will always be a happy accident in France. The language, by its obstinate poverty, discourages mediocrity, and allows only genius to guide it. It has thus rid itself of many poor poets, though enough remain. But serious loss balances this gain; many poetic organizations, turned from their path, have been compelled to fall back upon prose. What are J. J. Rousseau, Bernardin, St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, Madame De Stael, but unclassed poets? What a poem would Telemachus have been if its somewhat dragging prose could have been compressed into poetic numbers, and have jostled on more equal terms with the supple verse of the *Odyssey*! In Bossuet there is nothing to regret, but what an incomparable poet would the "eagle of Meaux" have been had the eloquence imbibed at the two fountains of sacred and profane antiquity, changed in expression, contended with the lyre of David as did Fénelon's with that of Homer! Since these men wrote in prose the Christian lyric, the highest form of poetry, is yet to have birth in France; the skillful versifier, J. B. Rousseau, has merely cut up the Psalms into verse; he did not feel the prophets sufficiently to translate them.

In default of lyric poets the French will point to Corneille and Racine. I wish here in passing to touch but lightly on the question of the theater. What was the problem given the two rare geniuses of the seventeenth century? To imprison the Greek scene, so simple yet so free, in the pompous frame of the court of the "great king," to trick out ancient manners in a modern livery, to lower the lyre of Sophocles to the gallant tone of the muses of Bel-Air without weakening its power! They solved this problem, but at the price of what efforts and what sacrifices! Complete delineators of the human heart, both have pushed to the extreme that subtle analysis of the passions which is the life of the drama. No fold of the heart has escaped their penetration, but the truthfulness of the portrait the more exposes the meretricious setting.

The eternal drama of passion and pain is constantly going on in the depth of the human heart in every age and clime, yet it varies with each people and each individual. Costume and scene constantly change if the drama does not. Now, the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, when you have said every thing for these two incomparable geniuses, have no date in time, no country in space. The action is carried on in the air, so to speak, and if it rests for a moment on the earth it is in the seventeenth century at the court of Versailles. The French theater is never more French than when it thinks it is Greek or Roman. "But it is *human*," it will be answered, "and that is sufficient." Granted; but then, in the incessant converse of the authors with the muse of the ancients, why do we find the constraining presence of a third, the *bel esprit* unknown to Æschylus and Sophocles, but appearing first in Euripides, with apothegms the earliest symptom of the decline of the art?

The French are an active people, but on their stage the action is conducted by recitals. Every thing is a pretext for a tirade, even to the death of a son related to his father by a confidential mute, who for the occasion has recovered speech. How strangely incongruous are these endless tirades, quietly endured by some silent Arbates in a country where every body talks and nobody listens! This is not all. The history of France in the seventeenth century is as strictly banished from its theater as general history was at that time from its literature. For a good Frenchman of that period there was but one reign in the annals of the world—that of Louis the Fourteenth! In verse as in prose, with every change of name or costume, in toga or wig, Louis is always the one depicted. This is the radical vice of the French tragic theater,

depriving it of that which is the strength and pride of rival theaters—roots that strike deep into national memories. What is the result? There is a theater for the fashionable and literary world and none for the people. It has its own, it is true, but what teachings does it there receive, and what morality is there preached?

Look at Shakspeare, that rugged and powerful genius, yet lacking the early culture that nothing can replace. In his imitations of Greece and Rome, incorrect and amusing as they are at times, yet at times so tragic, how he moves the strongly-pulsating national heart of the island race! Read his series of historic dramas, wherein both in verse and prose, with laughter and tears intermingled as in life, he revives all the grand dates of England in its hundred years' duel with France. The secret of his glory lies elsewhere, but herein is that of his popularity. Out of the euphuism of the court of Elizabeth and the jargon of taverns he made a language for himself; his poetry seems to have stolen all the colors of the prism, his prose in its ease and grace reminds us of that of Molière, the only name in French literature that can be compared to his. The tragic lyre of France is essentially a monochord; that of Shakspeare has all tones. The English language, young and pliant, bent readily to all his caprices, and in various gamuts touches every note of the inexhaustible harpsichord of the human soul.

Is this saying that Racine was not as much the master of his own language as the English author of his? Certainly not. Like Shakspeare, he excelled in all kinds, and employed all the tones without mingling them. His comic vein in *Les Plaideurs* yields in nothing to that of Molière, and his always excellent verse is less like prose. No poet in France, save, perhaps, La Fontaine, has had as entire control of the instrument he used. And yet La Fontaine, the free child of nature, and immoral as herself, producing his fables as the tree its fruits, is not always conscious of the genius of which he sometimes makes so bad use. Racine, on the contrary, ever respects his muse. The vice of the times retains with him its lesson of high morality, the remorse of *Phèdre* is a protest against the unpunished scandals of the court of Louis the Fourteenth.

In this court of servile nobility, in which history was only an official gazette and poetry a theatrical decoration, was there any place for the poor lyric poetry laboriously produced in the stanzas of Malherbe at the beginning of the century? Boileau and his Ode on the taking of Namur are our answer. Yet a high poetic

perception was far from wanting in the eminent critic who alone sustained Racine and Molière against Pradon and the nobility. Only religion then offered expiation and refuge to poetic minds, in which earthly glory awoke self-condemnation. Corneille created *Polyeuctes*, and translated into verse the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, the great error of his manly genius. The lyric vein gushed from this great, misapprehended, and wounded heart in incomparable strophes. Racine in his turn, and in the same vein, composed *Athalie* and *Esther*. He created in their admirable choruses a new poetry, borrowed from both Sophocles and the Bible, but did not dare to apply it to his other masterpieces. At the same time, more logical than Corneille, he broke with the theater that so far had filled his life, he broke with the public that did not comprehend the severe grandeur of *Athalie*, and preferred Pradon's *Phèdre* to his; but his heart failed him when it came to breaking with his idol and that of his age, Louis the Fourteenth. And soon he was to die like the flower without its sunlight when the king withdrew his smiles. Port Royal, the last asylum of exiled piety, never half pardoned the penitent Racine the crime of his theatrical success. Poetry and the arts, proscribed as temptations if not sins, could not overstep the threshold of this austere retreat.

After that the lyric muse, shy as that of history, was as silent, too, and waited for better days, while the court poets sang and its historiographers wrote. When history half a century later recovered speech, poesy remained silent. Why was this? Because doubt had infected the age, because after the long reign of hypocrisy and irksome restraint France needed rest, and unbelief gave her repose from her pious professions. Only one poet of the inner life, Gilbert, who died too early for his fame, dared to contend with and defy the spirit of his time. Even he was more a satirist and rhetorician than a Christian; but his bold satire in the absence of positive faith was warmed at least at the fire of generous instincts. The hospital was his last asylum, and upon one of its poor pallets the life of Gilbert and the inspiration that makes the poet went out together. In spite of the protest of this courageous young man Voltaire remained the accredited representative of poetry in France. After having aspired not unsuccessfully to the glory of Euripides, the happy imitator of Horace wished to measure his strength with Tibullus. How he succeeded is well known. His delicious stanzas, beginning

"Eh quoi! vous êtes étonnée,"

are the just measure of the degree of emotion that the France of Louis XV could endure in familiar poetry, with a fine point of restrained pleasantry and the extreme gracefulness that conceals defects.

As to his being a lyric poet, look over his three volumes of miscellaneous poems, exclude all of that kind in which he particularly excels, familiar poetry, his epistles, his *Discours* in verse, his tales and humorous poems, the *Temple of Taste*, and what elevated poetry is left besides his plays, which we are not to criticise here, and his *Henriade*, which people profess to admire more than they read, but a few well-conceived and forcibly-expressed lines to Liberty, whom he loved better at Ferney than at Paris, and his *Disaster of Lisbon*, a lengthy accusation of Deity, in which reasoning has killed all poetry? For the rest how barren the heart and verse that Gilbert alone dared to characterize! When he should feel he reasons, when he ought to describe he runs into dissertation, when another would weep he laughs—that ironical, bitter laugh that was and is still his most formidable weapon. He was obliged to drop his individuality to be a poet. His flexible and ductile talent was more at ease in the personality of another than in his own. The sensibility that was denied him for himself could weep over imaginary misfortunes, could divine the passion he never felt, and paint it true, contagious and irresistible as in *Zaire*. But the lyric poet feels personal and sincere, not fictitious emotions, and discloses his inmost nature to his reader. Voltaire, therefore, was not and could not be a lyric poet.

A rival now appeared by the side of this facile and superficial genius. But, lest we prove tedious to our readers, we will reserve our notice of the new development for another paper.

THE PERPETUAL MIRACLE—A POMEGRANATE SEED.

ON a Spring day young Solomon sat under the palm-trees in the garden of his father the king, and looked upon the ground in deep meditation. And Nathan, his instructor, approached him, saying, "Of what are you thinking so earnestly under the palm-trees?"

The youth raised his head and replied, "Nathan, I should like to see a miracle."

The prophet smiled, and said, "A wish that I likewise indulged in my youthful days."

"And did it continue?" inquired the prince, hastily.

"A man of God," proceeded Nathan, "came

to me with a pomegranate seed in his hand. 'Behold,' said he, 'what this seed will produce!' And he made a hole in the ground with his finger, and placed the seed in it and covered it over. After he had removed his hand the ground rose, and I saw two small leaves come forth. But I had scarcely seen them before the leaves closed and became a round stem, surrounded with bark, and the stem grew visibly taller and thicker.

"Then the man of God said to me, 'Take notice,' and as I looked seven boughs spread forth out of the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar.

"I was astonished, but the man of God gave me a hint to be silent and take notice. 'Behold,' said he, 'a new growth will soon commence.'

"He then dipped water out of the brook that flowed along in the hollow of his hand and sprinkled the boughs three times, when behold, they hung full of green leaves, so that we were surrounded with a cool shade, together with pleasant odors. 'Whence,' cried I, 'this fragrance wafted to the refreshing shade?'

"Do you not see,' said the man of God, 'how the purple-colored blossoms shoot out among the leaves, and they hang down in bunches?'

"I would have spoken, but a gentle wind swept through the leaves and scattered the leaves around us, like snow as it descends from the clouds. The blossoms had scarcely fallen when the red pomegranates hung down among the leaves, like the almonds on Aaron's rod. Then the man of God left me in deep astonishment."

Now Nathan ended. And Solomon hastily inquired, "Where is he? What is the name of the divine man? Is he still living?"

Nathan replied, "Son of David, I have related a dream."

When Solomon heard this he was grieved in his heart, and said, "How could you thus deceive me?"

But Nathan continued, "I have not deceived you, son of Jesse. Behold, in your father's garden you can witness in reality what I have told you. Does not the pomegranate and every other tree undergo the same changes?"

"Yes," said Solomon, "but unobserved, and in the course of a long period."

And Nathan replied, "Is it less a divine work because it is accomplished in gentle silence and retirement? I think it is on that account more divine. First become acquainted with Nature and her works," added he; "then you will long after a more exalted faith, and not after wonders performed by the hand of man."

CORNELIA—THE ROMAN MATRON.

BY PROF. SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS.

OF the national domestic life of the Romans, we derive very little knowledge from the classics. It is only the higher ranks of society who are thought worthy to appear on the historian's or the poet's pages. We seldom get any insight into the deep obscurity in which for age after age the millions were born, lived, and passed away, and but a few glimpses of the manner in which the people at large spent their lives. The silence of written history, however, is to some extent compensated for by the numerous antiquities which have escaped the ravages of time or the desolations of war, and are still preserved for our inspection. The excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii disclose to us many of the tools they worked with, the utensils they used, the furniture of their abodes, their articles of luxury and convenience, their modes of dress, the substances employed for their food, and the medium of their exchange. As the comparative anatomist can from a fossil bone refashion the creature to which it belonged, so from these remains, and the few hints scattered through the classics, we can to a certain extent reconstruct the fabric of Roman society. Though this is not attempted in the present article, it is proposed to give a brief account of some of the habits, modes of life, and employments of Roman women, and to illustrate the character of the earlier Roman matron, as exemplified in the history of Cornelia.

CORNELIA was the daughter of Scipio the elder, and the wife of Tiberius Gracchus, by whom she was the mother of twelve children, only three of whom lived to mature years. Left a widow with a young family, she devoted herself to their education, rejecting all offers of a second marriage, and adhering to her resolution even when wooed by King Ptolemy, who desired to share with her his kingdom and his throne. She united in her person the severe virtues of the old Roman matron with the superior knowledge, refinement, and civilization which then began to prevail in the higher classes at Rome. For a woman of her day, she was well educated; and Cicero mentions having seen and read her letters, to which he accords high praise. She was well acquainted with Greek literature, and spoke her own language with elegance and purity. Her two sons, Tiberius and Caius, the celebrated tribunes, were carefully reared by her; not so much, says Cicero, in their mother's bosom as by her talk and intercourse.

A well-known anecdote of Cornelia happily

illustrates her character. When a Campanian lady was making her a visit and showing her the fine jewels and rich ornaments she possessed, Cornelia detained her in conversation till her sons returned from school; and "These," said she, "are my jewels," thus intimating that a mother's greatest ornaments are her children. And well did her sons repay the culture which was bestowed upon them. More dutiful children could no where be found, and in their public career they reflected great honor upon their mother; for to their excellent education, more than to their native talents, they owed their influence and their success.

Both were eloquent—the elder, quiet, forcible, and perspicuous; the younger, impulsive and earnest, full of action yet full of dignity. Both espoused the popular cause; and when Tiberius was elected tribune, he revived an old law which prohibited any Roman citizen to hold more than five hundred acres of land for himself, and half that quantity for each of his sons. Great opposition was manifested to this agrarian scheme. Many of the Roman nobles held three or four times this amount, while hundreds of the free citizens possessed nothing. As it was in the city, so it was throughout the entire commonwealth. On the one side were the nobles and the wealthy, strongly conservative, jealous of prerogative and opposed to change; on the other side, the common people and the poor, striving for political equality, envious of the patricians, and fond of novelty. The struggle under the Gracchi was no longer one between the ancient privileged orders and the plebeians, but between the landed proprietors and the landless tenants. Long before their time had the two extremes in the State met; the patricians and the plebeians had compromised, and the Roman people was a unit, except in name and social rank. The ancient style was still retained, but the old formula, *Senatus populusque Romanus*, denoted scarcely more than common citizenship, or the general body of the people.

At the time of the Gracchi, the contrast between wealth and poverty was strongly developed. There were the wealthy classes, who possessed large estates with a numerous household of slaves, or dependents, and the poorer classes, whose poverty was hereditary, and to whom few avenues of industry and wealth were open. Though there were doubtless many who might enjoy a moderate income from their small farms in the country, there was a city full of poor whose votes and influence were venal, and whose union and numbers mainly determined the acceptance or rejection of legislative measures. Such were the political elements with

which Tiberius had to deal; and accordingly the reform which he attempted was too radical and sweeping. However the wealthy had acquired their real property, it was an act of injustice to deprive them of it. The shifting populace, at first in his favor, were easily turned against him, and he perished by a mob.

Ten years later, or in the year 121 before Christ, his younger brother, Caius Gracchus, offered himself as a candidate for the tribuneship, and was elected. Of the same sentiments as Tiberius, he attempted to enforce the agrarian laws, and to make a more equal distribution of the public domain. There were many who had served in the armies of the State, and had spent their best years in military life, but whose labor had been but poorly rewarded. It was partly for their sake—and donatives to soldiers are always popular—that the ownership of the land was to be confined within the limits prescribed by law. The excess, as well as all land to be acquired afterward, was to be divided among those who were entitled to it, by deserving well of the State. Caius, like his brother, was incautious, and did not care to conciliate those who were opposed to the measure. Impatiently he labored to execute it, and the result was that he fared like Tiberius. His life was the prey of the opposing faction, and his body was ignominiously thrown into the Tiber. The mistake of the Gracchi was not so much the end proposed as the means taken to secure it. Open and generous-hearted themselves, they reckoned too largely upon the liberality of their fellow-citizens, and knew not that the former virtue and nobleness of Roman character was slowly decaying, though it cost many ages wholly to destroy it. Their impetuosity and the ill-success of their efforts have rendered the very name "agrarian" a hateful one, and it is now used to designate foolish and impracticable schemes of radical socialism.

Cornelia bore the death of her two sons with equanimity, and after the murder of Caius, she retired to Misenum, a village not far from Rome, where she spent the remaining years of her life. Here she exercised unbounded hospitality, being constantly surrounded by learned Greeks and other men of letters, who were charmed with her conversation and the acknowledged superiority of her talents. So well known was her name and so extended her influence, that kings and princes in alliance with the Romans were accustomed to send her valuable presents and receive the like from her in return. Thus she reached a good old age, beloved and respected by all; and at her death, the whole Roman people, remembering only the virtues of her sons

and herself, united to do her honor by erecting a statue to her memory. It bore for its inscription the simple legend—but that was enough—
CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

In matronly dignity, elegance of manners, ripeness of education, and domestic virtue, no woman of antiquity surpasses Cornelia. The estimation in which she was held by her contemporaries, and the praises awarded to her by subsequent writers, evince her worth; but while we adduce her as a representative woman of Rome's better days, we must not forget that there were many matrons, whose names history has not recorded, equal to her in all the graces that adorn the female character.

Roman society had its various phases, but we are best acquainted with the classes which occupied the more prominent positions in public life, and with the times which immediately preceded and followed the overthrow of the republic. The long contests between the patricians and the plebeians were now settled, intermarriage was allowed between the two orders, the highest offices in the State were open to all, and the principal division of the people was into that of free citizen and slave. As the conquests of the Romans spread, the latter class was constantly augmented by captives taken in war, and the disproportion of bond and free became very great. In a wealthy establishment, it was no uncommon thing for the proprietor to own as many as two or three hundred slaves, while some counted them by the thousand. Where so great a number was held, the owner was of course possessor of very large estates; and history mentions several distinguished citizens who had sumptuous villas, or country residences, in the vicinity of Rome. Cicero owned a beautiful one at Tusculum, besides several in other places farther from the city. Hortensius, the celebrated orator, had villas at Tusculum, Bauli, and Laurentium. The younger Pliny gives a glowing description of one occupied by himself near Laurentium, of great extent and grandeur; and the villa of the Emperor Adrian was probably the most magnificent ever erected. Its buildings and plantations, it is said, covered an area of at least six miles in circumference, and its ruins have survived to modern times, furnishing many of the finest remains of ancient art.

Almost every family above indigence, indeed, had slaves; and the difficulty seems to have been, where there were large numbers, to contrive employment for all. Still, there was the nicest subdivision of labor; and slaves were distributed into house and field servants, the matron directing the labors of the female slaves, while the master ordered those of the men. To

the house servants belonged the steward, keeper of accounts, overseer of the premises, groom of the chamber, usher, doorkeeper, secretary, attendant of the children to and from school, librarian, and others whose labors were more or less heavy according to the wealth of their master, or the number of his household. In the field, servants were keepers of the flocks and herds, dressers of the vineyards, gardeners, wardens of the forests, sowers and reapers of grain, butchers, bakers, etc.

Women of rank had a numerous establishment of slaves, such as those who had charge of their wardrobe, waited on them at the toilet, conveyed them abroad in their sedans when they went visiting, cleaned their apartments, or performed the various domestic duties of the household. In the earlier ages of Roman history the matron not only directed these labors, but shared in them. We all remember the story of Lucretia and her maids; but she was only one of many equally industrious and accomplished. The earlier ages of the Romans knew but little of the luxuries and refinements of the empire. They dwelt in their houses of thatch, tilled their few acres of corn-land, kept a few cattle in their pastures, and in the bosom of their families lived a simple and unaffected life, seeking no self-aggrandizement, and directing personally in all the labors of the household. Cincinnatus was at the plow when the commissioners from the city invested him with summary power in the State.

The matron of the family had charge of all the domestic labors and the distribution of them among the servants; but not at home only was her influence felt. There was a wide difference between the Greeks and Romans in the respect shown to women. Among the former, they were altogether secluded from public life, and confined almost entirely to their own abodes; among the latter, there was free intercourse between the sexes, visiting back and forth was not prohibited, and girls and boys were playmates up to the years of maturity. The public games and spectacles in the theater were open to the women; and their presence for many ages, kept the drama and the contests in the circus within the limits of decency and public morals. The public squares and gardens were a fashionable resort for the Roman ladies. Hither on the pleasant days in Summer they congregated for recreation and gossip, and to attract by their finery the eyes of lovers or to win the admiration of their friends.

At social entertainments, women were present and took part in the conversation and the amusements which enlivened such occasions. In

the general corruption of manners which succeeded the Punic wars, the Roman banquets were remarkable for their profusion and costliness. The rarest and most exquisite dishes were diligently sought after, and almost fabulous sums were occasionally paid for a single dainty. Music and dancing accompanied the meals, particularly the supper; and though this was usually the part of slaves, free-born maids were also carefully instructed in these arts, that by their accomplishments they might add to the evening's hilarity. After the dishes were removed, wine was brought on; and the guests often tarried till late in the night, taking part in social games or playing with dice and checkers. Scholars and literary men made private feasts the occasions of intellectual contests, in which they discussed high questions of politics, social morals, public religion or literature; and Cicero makes his villa at Tusculum the scene of several such after-dinner disputations, which he records.

The dress of the Romans was simple, and consisted commonly of only two or three articles, which were loosely fastened so as to allow the greatest development of the muscles, and not interfere with the motion of the limbs in walking or when at work. Female attire differed very little at first from that of the men. Both sexes wore the tunic and the toga—the former being an under-garment worn next to the skin, and the latter an outer covering. The material was of wool, linen garments not coming into vogue, except for the priests, till toward the close of the Republic. The tunic, made of white woolen cloth, was fastened around the waist by a girdle, and usually reached as low as the knee. Its form and ornaments were various, as when made with sleeves, or of greater length, or with purple stripes in front. Drawers, or coverings for the leg, were not worn by either sex in early times, and the fashion was only introduced after the conquest of Gaul. About the same time, other styles of dress became popular, and as new luxuries and wealth were introduced, a better quality of cloth was used. The Roman women seldom wore hose, but put on beneath their tunic a short gown, or inner tunic, and over all a pallium, or shawl, which was in general smaller, finer, and of more splendid and beautiful colors than those of the men. After the introduction of silk, the dress was more showy and elaborate; and fashionable women put on a great superfluity of clothing to enhance their charms or to attract attention. A peculiar, gauze-like fabric was imported from the island Cos, which for its lightness and transparency was denominated "woven wind." It was some-

times dyed purple, and enriched with stripes of gold. Tunics were occasionally made of it, and the poets of the Augustan age frequently mention it in their poems as the most elegant texture which was worn. Under the Empire, it was found necessary to enact sumptuary laws in reference to the extravagant use of silk, which philosophers and the Christian fathers alike condemned.

Coverings for the feet were customary, and in no part of dress did the Romans pay more attention, or show more foppery than in this. Various forms and qualities of sandals and shoes were used, and generally all persons consulted their own tastes and convenience in their manufacture. Slaves, and sometimes free men, went barefoot, as doubtless in the earlier period of Roman history did the women also; but in the time of the Cæsars it was rare for any respectable free woman to be seen with naked feet. At meals, before reclining on the couches, the sandals were removed by the slaves who stood in attendance. Shoes were made to cover more or less of the foot and ankle; and they sometimes extended like a boot as high as to the knee, great nicety being observed to produce a perfect fit. They were made right and left; the leather was stained with different colors; gems and gold were at times added for the sake of ornament, and different patterns were followed in their construction. As most commonly worn, the Roman shoes did not differ greatly from our own.

It may be trespassing upon the privacy of the boudoir, but we can scarcely forbear describing some of the mysteries of an ancient toilet. In the first place, the Roman mistress, assisted by her maids, bathed and anointed herself in the morning, either at home or in one of the public baths with which the city abounded. Among the more luxurious, bathing consumed a large part of their time; and under the empire it was no unusual thing for idle and effeminate persons to bathe as often as six or seven times a day. Upon leaving the bath, the lady's next care was the adornment of her person, and especially if she was about to visit the theater or attend at any of the public spectacles during the day. In this labor she employed a large number of female slaves, several of whom were busied about her head dress alone. It was the province of one to curl her hair with an iron heated in wood ashes by another slave, while a third anointed it with a peculiar unguent, and still a fourth combed out the tresses and parted them with a bodkin or comb, laying them in the proper position. While this was doing, the mistress surveyed herself in a mirror, and woe

to the unhappy slave who did her work carelessly or slightly. For putting a single curl too high, or curving it too much on the temples, her mistress would often flog her without mercy, or even tear her cheeks with her nails. In the arrangement of the hair, great taste was displayed, and it was done up variously according to the wearer's fancy or her style of features. Sometimes it was dressed in the simple style of a Greek girl, being parted from the forehead and bound by a fillet, or tied in a knot behind, exposing the lower part of the ears. This mode is represented in the engraving. In other cases, it was left to hang down in ringlets upon either shoulder, or was trussed up so as to add height to the figure. Others allowed their locks to flow loosely, or they were confined in light-woven nets. In the case of slaves, the hair was cut short; and the vestal virgins, when entering upon the duties of their sacred office, clipped their hair just as novitiates in the Catholic church now do when assuming the veil.

Among the Romans, as was also the case among the Greeks, blonde hair was the most esteemed. The flaxen and yellow-haired Germans were objects of envy to their Southern neighbors, and their captive women were shorn to make false tresses for Roman beauties. Where these could not be obtained, and the coveted adornment was deemed indispensable, the Roman women were in the habit of washing their hair with some composition to make it of this color. Even, also, they combed out their long tresses by the windows, and spread them open to the sunshine that they might bleach by the light. Long exposure to the sun, and the caustic washes used, not unfrequently produced brain diseases and the total loss of the hair. But in the latter case, the mischief could be repaired, and feminine vanity still rejoice in full and flowing locks. These were no doubt often represented by the wearer as natural, and we may well suppose that the blushes which their praise occasioned were more guilty than modest. Martial alludes to this in his epigram on Lesbia:

"The golden hair that Lesbia wears
Is hers: who dares to doubt it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For—I know where she bought it."

The head dress being finished, and the hair properly arranged, the next care was that of the complexion. If too dark, it was mollified by a fine chalk, or ceruse; and to give it the ruddy glow of youth and health, the cheeks and lips were tinged with a paint skillfully prepared from a red moss dried and pulverized. To render the

eyes more prominent and to increase their luster, a pigment was used to stain the edges of the lids and lighten the color or increase the arch of the brows. This was pricked in by a needle, whose point was dipped into the liquid dye. Sometimes the harshness of the complexion was softened by a sort of moist plaster, or paste, left on over night;* and asses' milk was used to make the face tender and delicately white, and to prevent wrinkles. The teeth were cleansed by rubbing them with a dentifrice composed of calcined shells, and ammonia, niter, myrrh, honey, or other substances, the intention being not only to whiten, but to fix them when loose, and to assuage toothache. False teeth were in some instances inserted, but how they were fastened does not appear.

The dress is next changed, and the Roman beauty now displays her greatest taste. Her wardrobe contains garments of various colors, purple, blue, violet, pure white, saffron, chestnut, peach-bloom, and pale yellow; on some of them are broad flounces of golden tissue; some are watered silk, like our *moire-antique*, and some are wrought with figures, either woven or embroidered. Nor are they all cut to the same pattern. Some will leave the arms and shoulders bare, others will hide both; some will fit tight upon the body so as to expose the form, others with their ample folds will envelop the whole figure; but whatever robe is used, it will be worn with consummate art. From her extensive assortment she orders her waiting maid to bring the apparel which she has selected, and leisurely she puts it on. The two tunics are drawn over the head like a modern chemise, the outer and longer one being bound around the waist so that the upper portion of it may fall over and hide the girdle which fastens it. This tunic is called the *stola*, and answers the same purpose as a frock. Like a lady's dress of the present day, it falls to the feet, and sweeps the ground in walking. The sleeves are buttoned

up, but not tightly; the slippers or shoes are next tied on, and gartered with colored ribbons above the ankle, so that when the dress is lifted, the neatness of their fit and their elegance may be seen. Over all is thrown the *palla*, or a kind of shawl, which was adjusted to the person by clasps on the shoulders, or might be worn loosely. In addition, when the weather was inclement, or the cold severe, a sort of cloak was used, which was simply a thick woolen cloth like a blanket. This was common to both sexes; only the women used a finer material and gaudier colors. They also wore a kind of hood, or bonnet, as the men did a cap or hat; but this was not at all times customary.

The last work of the toilet was the putting on of the ornaments and jewels, which Roman dames wore when going abroad. Having ordered her casket to be brought, the haughty mistress selects the decorations which she prefers; and here she has a wide choice. There are the ear-rings and the finger-rings with their pearl and stone sets; necklaces of glass, pearl, amber, or gold, made in every conceivable variety of form, pattern, and size; bracelets or coils worn on the arms and wrists, and by the bare-footed dancing girls also upon the ankles; chains worn over the bosom; brooches for fastening the *palla* and buckles for securing the girdle, besides many other trinkets which only a cultivated taste and a heavy purse can procure. When the proper ornaments are put on, and the lady is ready to go out, she takes her white linen handkerchief in her hand, and either sets out a-foot, or calls four of her sturdiest footmen, who lift the palanquin in which she has seated herself, and carry her whither she desires to go. She is accompanied by one or two of her female slaves, one of whom protects her from the sun by a parasol, and another keeps away the flies and the dust with her fan. It was rare for a Roman lady to be accompanied either on the public promenades or to the theaters by her husband; and accordingly her usual attendants were her own slaves, or occasionally an admirer who might happen to fall in with her.

The chief attraction for the Roman populace was the circus and the theaters. These were usually thronged with well-dressed matrons who went thither both to see and to be seen. To these scenes, too, went the pleasure-seeking youth of both sexes, whose only employment was to assign tasks to their slaves and lounge about the city, in order to gratify curiosity and to make mutual conquests. Here, too often, the grosser passions were kindled; and Rome's best amatory poet intimates that from the time of the first Roman spectacle to his own day, the

* As a specimen of the sort of cosmetics used by Roman ladies, we give, for the curiosity of our fair readers, a genuine receipt for one which we take from Ovid, *De Medicamine Faciei*.

Take of hulled barley and vetches, two pounds each; mix them with ten eggs, and when dry, add two ounces of hartshorn shavings, and reduce the whole to powder. Pass it through a fine sieve, and add twelve peeled bulbs of the narcissus or jonquil, which must be well bruised in a marble mortar. Then add two ounces of Etrurian spelt and gum [frankincense,] and a pound and a half of honey. Mix the whole together, and it will then be ready for use. "Whoever," says our poet, "shall rub her face with this mixture, she will shine more brightly than her mirror."

theaters continued to be treacherous to the fair. But the circus must have been still worse; for in the vast amphitheater, and in the presence of tens of thousands, captives taken in war were compelled to fight each other and savage beasts for the amusement of the spectators. The rabble delighted in these bloody contests; and the extent of their enormities may be imagined from the single fact, that in the celebration of Trajan's triumph over the Dacians, they continued successively one hundred and twenty-three days; and during this time, eleven thousand beasts were killed and ten thousand gladiators were engaged in mutual wounds and slaughter.

The state of society which could justify the satires of Juvenal, or tolerate the sarcasms of Martial and the indelicate odes of Catullus and Ovid, must have been corrupt in the extreme. The picture which Suetonius draws of the Cæsars is indeed fearful. Granted that his delineations of their private life and morals is largely tinged with the court scandal of his day, yet there is evidently a broad foundation of truth in his statements, and with the utmost allowance, we have a dark and sad history left.

But we shall err widely if we find no redeeming traits in the Roman character and social life. It indeed had many virtues, and its civilization and polity, the freedom allowed to its women, and its education not restricted to the free citizens, gave it a power in the earth. When its conquests with their gigantic stride and their march of improvement spread over the world, our Lord chose it as the auspicious time for his incarnation and appearance. Immeasurably ahead of all other nations, the domination of the Romans was a benefit to mankind. It taught the first elements of civil jurisprudence, it reduced warfare to a science, it pointed out new channels and new fields for commerce, and brought the commingling nations into a nearer relationship with each other.

At this time philosophic infidelity became fashionable among the educated classes at Rome, and the ancient forms of belief had to succumb to the assaults of reason. Yet there was nothing which it could offer in their stead. It had exhausted the science of ethics, and learned how futile were all its efforts to satisfy the longings of the immortal soul.

But God "had yet another leaf to turn in the book of his manifold dispensations." In a distant corner of the Empire, and among a despised people, a new system of worship was introduced. In three hundred years it became the religion of the Empire. Roman civilization had prepared the way for Christianity, and now taking it by the hand, introduced it to the entire world.

ONLY THIS ONCE.

BY MRS. B. B. HAWKINS.

"O ISABEL, what do you suppose I have here?" exclaimed Jennie Alden, entering her cousin's room with a note in her hand. "Can you guess?"

"No, I am sure I can not; but it must be something of importance, judging from your face, for it is quite radiant."

"Well, I'll not keep you in suspense. It is an invitation for us to Charlie Easton's to-morrow evening. You recollect those strangers we admired so much at church last Sabbath—do you not?"

"Yes; and I have found no one who knew them."

"They are cousins of the Eastons, from the city, and have come here to spend the Summer; so, of course, they will be there to-morrow evening. I believe they are reported to be very wealthy. I must go immediately, and finish the sleeves of my new silk, or I shall not have it ready to wear. What dress will you wear?"

"I hardly think I shall go."

"Not go—how queer! Why not, pray?"

"You know, Jennie, that Charlie Easton's parties are very gay affairs. They have dancing, and card-playing, and keep late hours; and I do not think it proper for us, as members of a Christian Church, to attend such gatherings."

"O, if that is all, I can remove your objections. I saw Charlie this afternoon, and he spoke of the party. I told him I did not know that we should come, as we did not approve of such amusements as he usually had; and he said there should be neither card-playing nor dancing to-morrow evening, for he did not care for either."

"If he does not," replied Isabel, "there will be plenty there who do; and although he might have been sincere in making the promise, he will be easily persuaded to break it. You know Charlie as well as I do."

"Do you mean to say *positively*, then, you shall stay at home?"

"I do; and I wish, dear Jennie, you would do the same."

"I shall not, I assure you; for I do not believe that to be Christians we must abstain from all social pleasures, and go through the world with a long face."

"Nor I; but I think we should choose Christian society, and those amusements which are not objectionable and condemned by Christians generally. Life is too short to be spent in trifling. 'He that is not for me is against me,' said the Savior. O, Jennie, let us be fully com-

mitted on the right side," exclaimed Isabel, with tears in her eyes.

"You make too serious a matter of this, Isabel," replied Jennie. "I am sure I do not mean to give up my religion. It is only this once. I do not like to decline an invitation to Mr. Easton's, but I will not accept any others."

Lively music and merry peals of laughter greeted Jennie's ears as she entered Mr. Easton's pleasant parlors; and as the evening wore away, and neither of the objected amusements appeared, she said to herself, "How foolish Isabel was not to come, for she would have had such a pleasant time; but it was just like her; she is so exceedingly conscientious." Just then gay Lizzie Blendon, who was seated at the piano, commenced a merry strain, and soon many of the company were engaged in waltz or quadrille, while groups of others, weary of talking and watching the dancers, amused themselves with cards.

Jennie soon met Charlie Easton, and exclaimed, "A pretty way this is to keep a promise! I did not think it of you."

"Come, come, Jennie, do not be provoked. I really did not think there would be any thing of the kind. You know I did not propose dancing and have not furnished cards. Others have commenced these things, and, as they are my guests, I can not be so rude as to forbid them; and besides, Jennie, what is the harm? You are too scrupulous."

There was no time for further conversation, for Henry Harvey, the handsome stranger Jennie had admired so much at church, and to whom she had been introduced earlier in the evening, stood beside her.

"Shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Alden?"

Jennie hesitated. The music was so inspiring, and just then catching an envious glance from Lizzie Blendon, she consented, saying to herself, "It is only this once," and was soon whirling the gayest of all in the giddy dance.

"Only this once" is the rock upon which many a young bark has been wrecked, as well as some who have endured the storms of life for years. The future, both for time and eternity, may often hang upon these simple words.

Henry Harvey whispered them that night to the monitor within as he quaffed a glass of wine. Before he drank the ruby poison the past came before him, when love for the wine-cup had almost ruined his young life, and the last two tranquil years, when that love had been subdued by total abstinence. Should he wake it to life again? But a fair hand held the cup, and

he could not refuse it. "Only this once," said he, and the monitor was silenced.

The long Summer days glided away, and the harvest moon was now shedding its silvery light over all. Softly it fell upon the vine-clad piazza of Jennie Alden's cottage home, where she and Isabel Hartley were now walking to and fro, admiring the beauty of the evening.

Suddenly Isabel stopped, and, raising the hand that lay upon her arm, examined the costly ring that glittered there in the moonlight.

"Ah, Jennie," said she, playfully, "I had not seen this before."

"Well, what do you think of it? Is it not pretty?"

"Very; but the chief interest it had for me was the tale it told me," replied Isabel.

"What did it tell you, pray?"

"That this hand is a promised gift," replied Isabel, sadly, as she turned abruptly away.

"Why, coz, how sober you look! I should think you might wish me joy."

"I do wish you much happiness, Jennie."

"I can not but be happy, for Henry is so talented, so handsome, so every thing—"

"Every thing but a Christian."

"I think he will be that even," replied Jennie, "for I have so much influence with him; and I am sure I do not mean to give up the service of God."

"But you will be in great danger of doing it. You know as well as I that Henry Harvey is not a believer in the reality of religion, and you will easily be persuaded by one you love so well to give up even the 'form of godliness.'"

"O, no," replied Jennie, "he will not wish me to do that; and you know, if he is not a Christian, he is perfectly moral."

"Yes; but I think there is no safety in that. When hours of temptation come an arm of flesh is not sufficient."

"O, Isabel, how provoking you are! Instead of sympathizing with me in my happiness, you go to preaching, and saying all sorts of dismal things."

"Forgive me, if I have offended," replied Isabel. "You know I am always glad to see you enjoying life; but it seems to me that we all too often forget that the object of this life is to prepare for another. I think many who call themselves Christians make religion a secondary affair. They attend to all their worldly concerns, at any rate, and then, if they have time, to the things pertaining to eternity. At least we should say so, judging from their lives. It appears to me we have no right to place ourselves in situations where we are almost certain that the tempta-

tions to draw us from serving God will be stronger than we can resist. That is why, dear Jennie, I am sad to-night in looking forward to your future life."

Five years have passed, and in her own splendid apartments we find our friend Jennie. As the wife of the rich and talented Henry Harvey she is a leader in the gay circles of fashion. A few faint struggles to live a Christian life, and she yielded to the wishes of her husband, and chose the treasures of earth for her portion.

"I want my Jennie to shine in those circles she graces so well, and not trouble herself about these dismal things," Harvey would say when Jennie spoke of religious matters.

To-night finds her richly dressed for the most brilliant ball of the season; but as she passes to and fro across the costly carpet there is a sadness upon her face little in accordance with her gay attire. As she was searching in her writing-desk for some article mislaid, a little Bible caught her attention, which years ago had been her pocket companion.

A flood of olden memories was awakened by that little volume, and before her, in panoramic views, passed the scenes of former days. The place where she found peace in believing, the church that witnessed her baptismal vows, and her cottage home are all before her now.

In contrast is the present. The simple home has been exchanged for one of costly elegance, and the calm, prayerful, trusting spirit for a heart striving to believe religion a fable and a conscience ill at ease. The flushed cheek, unsteady step, and impatient words tell her that the husband in whom she so much trusted is daily becoming more and more enslaved to the wine-cup. She dares not look forward to the future of time, much less to eternity.

Where shall she go for comfort? As she takes the well-worn Bible she remembers these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She knows the way, for she has once walked there.

Just then she is told that her carriage is waiting. Shall she go, or stay and study those precious promises? A moment she hesitates, and then, casting the Bible from her, seeks forgetfulness in gay scenes.

In a quiet little village stands a modest but substantial-looking house. Green trees, shrubs, flowers, and a beautiful view of a noble river make it a charming place in Summer; but now grim Winter reigns, and we must look for cheer within.

The fire burns brightly, and beside it sits the mistress of the house, in whom we recognize Isabel. Near her sits her husband, for she is no longer Isabel Hartley. If wealth has not showered its gifts upon them, poverty has not been their lot, for they have enough to spare for many a benevolent cause; and united in daily paying tributes of praise to the Giver of all blessings, they are rich in the "peace that passeth understanding."

"There, my work is done for the evening, and just in time too," said Isabel, as she folded up some warm woolen under garments. "These will add much to old Mrs. Rodger's comfort this cold weather; but how can I get them to her to-morrow?"

"Perhaps we can ride out there, and see how the old people are getting along," replied her husband. "Would you like to go?"

"O, yes, for I enjoy hearing these old pilgrims tell how they have been led along the path of life these many years. I think it often encourages me more than any thing else."

None can tell the blessedness of a truly-Christian home but those who have been partakers. The devotees of pleasure may call life tame outside its gay circles, but the pleasures of Christ's followers are such as the world can neither give nor take away. Religion should be sacredly guarded by our firesides, and no temptation, with its insinuating excuse, "It is only for once," lead us to admit other guests in its place.

A LIFETIME.

BY REV. J. W. CALDWELL.

"Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years but actions tell."

MAN'S lifetime is but a fragment of his being. It may appear, however, an age to such as know not how usefully to employ it. A brief journey, too, may seem a weary pilgrimage to such as find no beauties or attractions along their pathway. He who moves as though he did it from compulsion will enjoy none of the emotions of pleasure experienced by one who springs with cheerful heart along the avenues before him. The voyager may vote sea-faring life a dull, insipid thing, if he shall never tread the vessel's open deck, drink in the refreshing breeze, gaze on the great, wide vault of heaven, or look upon the glories of an ocean's sunset. And he who sails upon the sea of human life may feel it sad and wearisome, if he shall shut out the light and close up the avenues of enjoyment from without.

Life has a deep, mysterious meaning; and it will well repay the one who seeks to know its true interpretation for any effort to comprehend it. The student only gathers and stores away the sparkling gems of thought; so none do gather and garner up the bright, rare jewels strewed along in the dust of human life but such as have studied out their real value, and thence have sought to pluck them from their earthy bed. The laborer merits and obtains the just reward of industry and toil; and he alone secures life's golden harvests who goes forth to patient effort in its open fields.

A lifetime! How much it may contain! How varied it may be! How fraught with good or ill! How it may glow with ruddy light or hang with sullen gloom! Crime may stain its opening leaves, and forever mar their beauty; or love and goodness give more than an earthly radiance to its bright and precious pages. How goodly a volume it may make of wholesome, happy truths; or a base, pernicious book, not worthy that the world should see it! It may be made a legacy worth more than gold to generations yet to come; or a withering, bitter curse to unborn multitudes who may chance to receive its darkened pages as a portion of their heritage.

A vast, mysterious degree of power may be concentrated in the few eventful years of life. Julius Caesar's sufficed to give a mighty empire to the Roman people; Martin Luther's, to overthrow the power of the Roman Pontiff, and to give an open Bible to the world; Isaac Newton's, to evolve the sublimest truths of physics; while Washington's brought deliverance to a struggling nation, and placed a great republic among the empires of the earth. Great truths may find utterance in a lifetime, and startling theories be propounded in its few brief years.

It is true that each lifetime may not glow with equal brilliancy, yet each may be graced with a gentle luster. The fruits in each particular instance may not be found to be luscious and abundant, yet may they at least be ripe and fragrant.

"A lifetime," transient though it may be, may have within its narrow limits much of the beautiful and good. It may be a history of gentle words and kindly acts—of Christian deeds and of a pure and holy purpose.

"Such let my life be here;
Not marked by noise, but by success alone;
Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds;
Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light,
Yet full of its all-penetrating power;
Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working,
Hour after hour, upon a needy world."

NATURE NOT A SUFFICIENT GUIDE.

BY REV. T. D. BENNETT.

THE study of Nature teaches us many things that are of the highest importance; but Nature alone is not a sufficient guide. We need something more to direct us on life's journey. Her ever-varying changes leave those who trust in them alone in the most profound and mysterious darkness. To show this, we illustrate.

It is morning; the king of day is rising in all its glory; the little warblers are singing their most melodious songs, while the student of nature goes forth to enjoy the loveliness of the scene. He beholds pastures with cattle peacefully grazing upon the green-sward, the merry cow-boy driving others from the yard, while the milk-maid returns singing, with the brimming pail. In his wanderings he comes to large fields of waving grass and grain, fields of thrifty corn and orchards well laden with fruit, all presenting rich promise for harvest and Autumn. Now he passes sparkling fountains, rippling streams skipping down the hill-side till they mingle their waters with the glassy lake and placid river, and then with them, ruffled by the same breezes, singing the same merry songs as they gracefully and peacefully move on to the same destination. Rolling hills and mountains, dotted by forests and well-cultivated fields, make up the vision inclosed by the horizon; here the sun illumines a hill-top, there a cloud-shadow obscures a part of the vale; here the gentle zephyrs stir the foliage and waft the tall grass and grain, causing the little dew-drops to radiate like myriads of silver flowers, there the unrippled surface of the lake mirrors the lovely landscape in all the richness and beauty of reality. Amid such scenes the student would naturally conclude that the Author was a being of unbounded benevolence.

In a few days the sun rises and there is no dew. Laborers go to the fields as usual. In the after part of the day white-crested clouds are seen peering above the western horizon; the wind is now quite strong from the south-east; yet these are succeeded by others and still others, each seeming to press its predecessors onward and upward, towering in dazzling brilliancy against the deep-blue atmosphere. The undercurrent increases, but the clouds rise above it, higher and higher, and slowly advance toward them. Now the muttering thunders can be faintly heard, rolling and echoing from cloud to cloud. Now the clouds rise in large volumes, their summits still dazzling, but beneath

black and threatening, becoming darker and more dark as they approach the zenith. The gloom becomes terrible, the thunder-peal reverberates from hill-top to hill-top, while streams of glaring lightning illumines the midday darkness, glittering among the hail and rain which is falling thick and fast with a clamor more tremendous than that of the approaching thunder-gust. After a few minutes, which seem like hours, the warring of the elements cease, the sun again lights up the face of Nature, and what a scene! Hail-stones several inches deep, the grass and grain almost wholly destroyed, the corn broken down near to the ground, the fruit trees stripped of their fruit and the forests of their foliage. In so short a time all the beauty and apparent prosperity is changed to a gloomy waste.

The student, as he wanders over the devastated fields, seeing no exhibition of benevolence, is astonished and knows not what to think. Thus those who trust to the ever-varying changes of Nature, are oftentimes left in the most profound darkness, with no guiding star to keep them in the right, no beacon light to direct them across life's troubled sea, but like the floundering ship, are left at the mercy of the waves, and not knowing where the unseen rocks are, they are dashed against them, their frail bark goes down in the deep blue sea and the breakers close over them forever. No, Nature is not a sufficient guide. But we need not trust in her alone. Divine Revelation makes up for all the lacks of Nature. The study of Nature shows our relations to the physical universe, the laws that govern matter, and teaches us to observe those laws so as to promote life, health, and happiness. Revelation shows our relations to God, and how we can observe the highest law, the *moral*. The first shows the infinite works of God, the latter his infinite love in the redemption of this fallen world, pointing us to the bleeding Savior, the guiding Star, the beacon Light, to direct us across life's troubled sea. If we trust in this light, we need not fear, although the surges rise high around our little bark, for we can see a God in the shade as well as in the sunshine, in the tempest as well as in the calm, in the deafening thunders that shake the earth as well as in the gentle breezes that fan our feverish brow. We know that we will triumph over them all, for the great I AM is at the helm.

DEPEND upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentlize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will alone.—Coleridge.

VOL. XXIII.—16

JENNIE JEWITT.
THE YOUNG RECRUITING OFFICER.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"YONDER comes one of our recruiting officers," said a friend on the street, the other day, with whom I had been discussing the only subject of universal interest—the war news. I turned and looked in the direction of his glance and saw—what I certainly did not expect under the title of "Recruiting Officer"—a delicate young lady, who approached with a bright smile on her sweet face. Returning the greeting of my companion, she passed on with so quick and airy a motion that it made me think she must be like a little pet of mine who used to say, "I feel as if I had wings under both my feet!"

"That a recruiting officer?" I asked, scarcely able to remove my eyes from her charming figure.

"Yes, if you don't believe me, ask any one who knows Miss Jennie Jewitt, if she has not been acting as recruiting officer for this place."

As my friend is fond of jokes, I was not quite certain whether he were not attempting to play one off upon me, so I asked several other persons about it, and from all of them received nearly the same answer. "Jennie Jewitt! why, yes, I never heard her called so before, but she certainly has served faithfully in that capacity!" while others added, "Yes, truly, she is entitled to the name of recruiting officer, for though she draws no pay from Government, she accomplishes far more than those who receive salaries for doing the same kind of work in which she engages so heartily and cheerfully. You should have seen her last year, when the war first broke out, how she ran from one to another of her male relatives beseeching them to respond promptly to the call of their country in this hour of her need. She regretted so much that she had no brothers old enough to arm and send forth to battle for the cause of freedom, and even tried hard to persuade her dear old father that he was still young and strong enough for active service. But when even her patriotic mother shook her head, saying, 'No, my dear, your pa is too feeble to leave home,' she exclaimed, 'Then I will see to it that no strong young man remains at home! A company must be raised this very day,' and donning her pretty little hat, she literally went 'from house to house,' soliciting volunteers. Having received a goodly number of promises, few being able to resist her energetic appeals, her next thought was, 'Now we must have a beautiful silk banner for these brave men to carry upon the battle-

field! I should like it to be the most elegant one unfurled there; let us see if it can not be so!"

"Her own stock of spending-money was joyfully devoted to that purpose, for she said, 'I shall need no new laces, or gloves, or ribbons in these war times.' Then she levied a tax upon her mother and several of her lady friends—for she was a favorite with every one—till she had sufficient to purchase the rich materials she coveted. A party of her friends assembled at her call to assist in sewing the silken stripes together and in stitching on those dainty white stars. Pretty work it was, and no wonder that, as it progressed, many of the gentlemen called in to see it. Jennie Jewitt welcomed them all with her brightest smiles, but permitted none to leave without urging them, in her most winning manner, to volunteer at once. Most of them found her pleadings perfectly irresistible, but, if any one declined, the way in which she asked if he were *afraid* to go, made the poor wight feel that a battle-field is not the only place in which men can be cut to pieces. Toward the close of the afternoon it was announced that the company was full with the exception of one man, and that if they succeeded in getting *one more* they would leave in the first morning train. 'Prepare to start, then,' said Jennie, 'for if no man offers I will go!' And she would have been as good as her word, but the place was soon filled by one better able to endure the exposures and fatigues of camp life than that young girl!"

"The sweet little patriot," said Mr. T., who had been listening with an interest equal to my own, "I do n't see how any one who loves his country can help falling in love with her. Already I feel my heart strangely drawn toward her. Will not one of you, ladies, be kind enough to favor me with an introduction?"

"I will," said the obliging Mrs. A., "but beware of losing your heart too soon! Mr. C., a recruiting officer, just over the way, has been very attentive to her."

"Is he one of those who seem to work only for the pay they receive, and who never could respond to those words of Mrs. Browning:

'Get leave to work in this world. . . Get work,
For 'tis far better than *what you work to get*!'

If so, an earnest, whole-souled worker, like her, will hardly fancy him."

"No, but people *do say* that she has a lover in the — Ohio, a Mr. H."

"Ha! That sounds a little more formidable. Do you *know* any thing of that affair?"

"Yes, I know that he required three months' persuasion before he could be induced to volun-

teer, and it is said that he only went into service then as a last resort for winning her."

"Then I do n't think I have much to fear from that quarter. To be dangerous, he should have professed more zeal in behalf of his country. So, if you please, Mrs. A., we will call upon the young lady at once."

"He is overconfident," I said to myself.

"He is right in thinking Mr. H. will fail to interest her; he never has and never can do it," said an old lady as soon as he had left.

"O, tell me about it," I said, for I saw from her manner that she knew the whole affair, or thought she did, and that, *unlike some selfish people*, she was anxious to impart her knowledge to others.

"Well, in order to tell you about it, I must go back to the day when we were all so busy over that silk banner. As the company had been gotten up through Jennie Jewitt's agency, every one said that she ought to make the farewell speech. When the men came in, just toward night, and told us that the company was full and they would leave early next morning, a thrill ran through each of us, partly of pride and partly of pain, for our bravest were also our dearest! As for Jennie, who had been so rosy and so lively all day, she spoke not a word, but just turned as pale as death, and presently she slipped out of one of those long narrow windows on to the portico. She told me afterward that she just began *then* to realize what she had done in urging these men to go to battle, and perhaps to death, and her heart shrunk back in dismay at the responsibility she had incurred. The sun had set beautifully clear, throwing a rosy tint over every object, and, as Jennie said, the shades of night seemed to gather more slowly than usual, as if reluctant to conceal that beauty. Jennie always loved nature, and as she looked about her then her eye kindled and the sunset glow seemed reflected on her cheek, for that beautiful scene made her think of the glories of that 'better land,' where, after the battle of life is ended, the beloved of the Lamb shall dwell for evermore. I had followed her softly when she went out, for she looked so pale that I feared she was going to faint, but as the color came to her face again, I stood still in the shadow of one of the large pillars, while she clasped her hands and prayed fervently, 'Grant, O blessed Savior, that these brave men may, by repentance and faith, be prepared for a place at thy right hand! so that if they fall in battle they may have—'

"A footstep startled her, while a voice close at her side said, 'I have been searching for you in the crowd, Miss Jennie, but am glad to find

you alone, for I have something to say especial to you.' It was Mr. H., and Jennie looked as if she considered him an intruder. She had known him but slightly till the war broke out. Then she had earnestly solicited him to volunteer, and he had nothing to deter him from doing so except his love of personal ease. Jennie had been displeased at his lack of patriotism, and had told him so, right plainly. He, misconstruing her zeal, read in it only a warm interest in himself, and had come now, at this most inopportune moment, as it seemed to her, to make her a formal offer of his hand and heart. But no sooner did she divine his errand, than she interrupted him, by saying, 'This is no time, Mr. H., to think of personal matters. Our country should have the first place in every true heart. The work she now calls upon us to do is pressing; let me engage earnestly in that, other things can wait. Since you refuse to help, you must not hinder us in this struggle for freedom.'

"Then I may indulge the hope of winning you after this war is over?"

"No, sir; you have misunderstood my words if you thought they implied any thing of the kind, and I am too busy now even to think of what you have said; so I beg of you to shorten this interview and forget that it has ever taken place."

"Ah, I see I have a rival, one of those volunteers, perhaps!" he said with bitterness; "his patriotic exertions are to be rewarded by this hand. Yet whoever he may be, Miss Jennie, he can not love and cherish you as I would have done."

"You are right in saying you have a rival! It is—"

"Ha!" and his eye flashed, "it is—"

"Listen, while I breathe the name of your rival! It is *my country*, and these brave men who forsake home and friends to aid her in this hour of peril, will always be dear to me."

"Jennie! Jennie Jewitt! where *are* you keeping yourself so long? We need you here!" came from half a dozen voices. Mr. H. 'pshawed!' at the interruption, but Jennie rejoiced in it and went to lend her assistance and give her opinion with regard to the mounting of the flag.

"Mr. H. walked up and down the portico, saying to himself, 'Perhaps, if I had volunteered when she asked me to, she would have smiled upon my suit. "All those who serve their country are *dear* to her," she says. Well, I must turn patriot, too, for her sake, and so try to find a way to her heart! I do n't despair yet of winning you, Miss Jennie Jewitt, but who would

have thought she could be so indifferent to my offer?"

"Leaving this egotist to his own reflections, I went in and found the ever-active Jennie preparing to cut out shirts and drawers for the soldiers. We spent the greater part of the night in making them up, for we were all too much excited to think of sleep, and were only glad of this necessity for exertion."

"In the few earnest words of farewell which Jennie spoke to the volunteers the next morning, there were such an utter forgetfulness of self, such a stirring patriotism mingled with womanly tenderness, sorrowing over their privations and sufferings, while a clear faith rising above all, pointed them to the Lamb of God who bled and died for their souls, that more than one brave man wept."

"Some of the bystanders were very lavish in their compliments upon the touching eloquence of the young speaker. One compared her to the gifted Corinne, while another said, 'I don't know who Corinne was, nor what her special gifts were, but the highest praise I can bestow upon this lady is, that she seems to be a real whole-souled Christian.'"

"Did Miss Jewitt ever find out that you played 'eavesdropper' while Mr. H. proposed to her?"

"O yes, I told her of it the very next day, but she seemed to have forgotten it already, her mind was so full of plans for the comfort of the soldiers. Since then she has been so busy, not only in knitting and sewing for them, but in raising fresh recruits whenever they are needed, that she has had no time to think of personal affairs."

"Neither her own nor Mr. H.'s, I suppose! But what of him, he is now in service?" some one said.

"Finding that Jennie still continued indifferent to him, he procured, through the influence of friends, the comfortable position of —, with its attendant comfortable salary, and then seeking Jennie, told her that, in accordance with her wishes, he was about to enter the service of his country, and after touchingly portraying the sacrifices he was making, in leaving home, and the great dangers he was about to incur, he claimed as his reward the promise of her hand. But she was in one of her teasing moods, and only answered playfully, 'Bless me, Mr. H., must I give a similar pledge to all whom I have induced to volunteer? Really, I had no conception of the weight of responsibility I was assuming!' And so he went away uncheered by any such promise, but consoling himself by pronouncing her a heartless girl."

"Heartless!" one might as well say there is no door to the house he wishes to inspect, because he has tried to open it with a key that was never meant to fit that lock. But she has received letters from him since he went to war.

"Yes, when a man chooses to be persistent a woman can not always check it as speedily as she would like. But when I gravely told her that I hoped she was neither trifling with him nor giving him any encouragement, she asked, 'Does this sound like either?' and handed me a note, which read thus: 'Since you persist in forcing a subject upon me, which I have repeatedly told you I have no time to consider, I will answer your question by propounding another: Could a woman feel justified in intrusting her happiness to the keeping of one who, in this strange crisis of our beloved country, is so much absorbed in plans for his own individual comfort, as to care little or nothing for her great struggles? Must she not feel that the foundation stone of that character is selfishness, and would she not, with reason, fear that it would taint all the springs of domestic enjoyment and turn to cold, gray ashes the genial fire-light of home? If it is true, as you say, that you have no higher motive in serving your country than that of pleasing me, you will not accomplish much where earnest workers, whole-souled patriots—who love the cause of truth well enough to *die* for its defense—are needed! If you really feel as little interest in the issue of this contest as your words imply, the wisest thing you can do is to resign your place to another—to some one who, from the fact that his *heart is in the work*, must prove more efficient than yourself."

Dear reader, are there not many other ladies, all over our land, who are giving their best energies to their beloved country, and who will, like Jennie Jewitt, in these busy times, tolerate no rival lovers?

"The women are doing their part *nobly* in this struggle," is the testimony which comes even from lips not overfond of praising "woman's work."

PRAYER AND THE PROMISES.

WE are told that God gives what he promises only in answer to earnest and believing prayer; and therefore to expect the fulfillment of promises which we are not at the trouble to lift up in the shape of prayer to God is to expect the harvest without sowing, the Autumn without the Spring, results inseparable from means without the use of the means.

THE SONGS WE LOVED IN INFANCY.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

WHEN our lives are full of brightness,
Before we catch the gloom,
When our hearts are full of lightness,
Before the achings come;
When our feet have not grown weary
In the long and dusty road,
And the pathway is not dreary,
Which leads us up to God,
How like an angel melody
The songs we loved in infancy!

When the hopes of life are glowing
When the dreams of life are dear,
When the joys of life are flowing
In a river, calm and clear;
When smiles, and love, and kindness,
Make all our pathway bright,
And we see not, in our blindness,
The coming of the night,
O, then how sweet, how dear must be
The songs we loved in infancy!

When the heart is weary with longing,
When the eye is heavy with tears,
When the old-time memories thronging
O'er the path of the buried years,
Scatter shadows and sunbeams o'er us,
Scatter blossoms and withered leaves,
And pictures rise up before us,
O'er which the lone spirit grieves,
O, then how sadly sweet must be
The songs we loved in infancy!

When the soul is bowed down with sorrow,
When our joy-beams have lost their light,
When there comes no bright to-morrow
To the long and dreary night;
When no kindly words of pity
Can calm the troubled breast,
And a home in the "Silent City"
Seems a beautiful place of rest,
How like a very dirge must be
The songs we loved in infancy!

But O! when the gates of heaven
Ope' to our weary feet,
When we see the washed and forgiven
Walking the golden street;
When with palm-boughs waving o'er us,
We stand on the other shore,
And swell the exulting chorus,
With the loved ones gone before,
How like the strains of heaven will be
The songs we loved in infancy!

AN EPITAPH.

BY REV. E. E. LATTA.

LIKE to some fair and fragile flower,
That blooms but for a day,
She, in her childhood's blameless hour,
Was borne to heaven away.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Sabiur.

THE PENTATEUCH NOT A FABLE; OR, A SHORT METHOD WITH COLENZO. GENEALOGICAL LIST OF JACOB'S FAMILY.—We have already noticed Colenso's work on the Pentateuch and the book of Joshua. The object of that work is to prove that these books are unhistorical in their character, and that to assume their historical truth requires us to believe in physical impossibilities, absurdities, and contradictions. The first point he endeavors to make against the credibility of the Pentateuch as a history, is based upon the genealogical list of Jacob's family. As this is put forth prominently, we may suppose it was regarded by the author as not only pertinent in point of proof, but also clearly sustained. We propose, in a short method, to examine it, and may possibly give a seriatim examination of each of his subsequent points. But of this hereafter.

Colenso assumes that the Pentateuch presents the following as facts; namely, that Judah was forty-two years old at the time of the going down into Egypt; and that during that forty-two years he had grown up, married at the age of twenty, had separately three sons by his wife; the eldest—Er—grows up, marries a wife, and dies without children; the second—Onan—grows up, marries the widow, and also dies without children; the third—Shelah—grows up and declines to marry his brother's widow; she—Tamar—subsequently deceives Judah and has twins by him, Pharez and Zarah; Pharez grows to maturity and has two sons, Hezron and Hamul; and all this is represented by the so-called inspired writers as having transpired before Judah had attained the age of *forty-two*. This he assumes was physically impossible, and, therefore, the narrative of Moses is not credible as a history.

A few notes may serve to elucidate this matter, and show at least how many probabilities come between Colenso and his demonstration of the unhistorical character of the Books of Moses.

According to some authorities Judah was forty-four, and still others make him sixty-two at the time of going down into Egypt.

The assumption that Judah was married at twenty years of age hangs on the slender thread that the expression—"at that time," in Genesis xxxviii, 1—refers to the precise time when Joseph, at the age of seventeen, was sold into Egypt, whereas it may have been used, as it probably was, with reference to the time Jacob had "dwelt in the land"—that is, the time between his return from Padan-aram to the promised land and his going down into Egypt. This expression—"at that time"—has, therefore, no such force as to fix the age of Judah at twenty when he was married. In fact, he and each of his sons may have been married

at twelve years of age. Dr. Clarke says—Com., 2 Kings xvi, 2—"The youth of both sexes in Eastern countries are marriageable at *ten or twelve* years of age." Ahaz died at the age of thirty-six, and Hezekiah, his son, then twenty-five years old, succeeded him on the throne. Consequently, Hezekiah was born before Ahaz was twelve years old. Then the following are possible results:

Age of Judah at the birth of Er.....	13
Age of Er, when he died, after being married.....	13
Onan married two years later to the widow.....	2
Age of Pharez at the birth of Hezron.....	13
Hamul born one year later	1
Age of Judah at "the going down".....	42

The above is on the supposition that Hezron and Hamul were born in Canaan before the going down into Egypt. It shows that there is no such impossibility in the narrative as would even throw a doubt over the authenticity of the Mosaic history.

But, then, the sacred narrative does not shut us up to the conclusion that Hezron and Hamul were actually born in Canaan before the going down into Egypt. Bishop Colenso quotes, "And the sons of Judah, Er, and Onan, and Shelah, and Pharez, and Zarah; but Er and Onan died in the land of Canaan. And the sons of Pharez were Hezron and Hamul"—Gen. xlv, 12—and adds, "It appears to me to be certain that the writer here means to say that Hezron and Hamul were *born in the land of Canaan*, and were among the seventy persons—including Jacob himself, and Joseph, and his two sons—who *came into Egypt* with Jacob." (P. 60.) To us it appears that "the writer" MEANS TO SAY no such thing; but after mentioning the death of Er and Onan, he names Hezron and Hamul as coming into their place. The exceptive—"but"—that Er and Onan died in Canaan *before the going down into Egypt*, implies that Hezron and Hamul were *not* born there. Indeed, *the going down into Egypt* probably included the seventeen years Jacob sojourned there, and it is probable that Hezron and Hamul were born during that time.

Then another consideration. This list is to be regarded as the family list kept by Jacob himself, and not a list made by Moses. In that early age there was not much writing done—not many family lists written out. Jacob's may not have been written till after he went down into Egypt. Perhaps it never would have been written by him but for the new circumstances that surrounded his family, and the danger of his posterity becoming absorbed among a strange people. The two grandsons of Judah were then no doubt born, whether they were before the going down

field! I should like it to be the most elegant one unfurled there; let us see if it can not be so!"

"Her own stock of spending-money was joyfully devoted to that purpose, for she said, 'I shall need no new laces, or gloves, or ribbons in these war times.' Then she levied a tax upon her mother and several of her lady friends—for she was a favorite with every one—till she had sufficient to purchase the rich materials she coveted. A party of her friends assembled at her call to assist in sewing the silken stripes together and in stitching on those dainty white stars. Pretty work it was, and no wonder that, as it progressed, many of the gentlemen called in to see it. Jennie Jewitt welcomed them all with her brightest smiles, but permitted none to leave without urging them, in her most winning manner, to volunteer at once. Most of them found her pleadings perfectly irresistible, but, if any one declined, the way in which she asked if he were afraid to go, made the poor wight feel that a battle-field is not the only place in which men can be cut to pieces. Toward the close of the afternoon it was announced that the company was full with the exception of one man, and that if they succeeded in getting *one more* they would leave in the first morning train. 'Prepare to start, then,' said Jennie, 'for if no man offers I will go!' And she would have been as good as her word, but the place was soon filled by one better able to endure the exposures and fatigues of camp life than that young girl!"

"The sweet little patriot," said Mr. T., who had been listening with an interest equal to my own, "I do n't see how any one who loves his country can help falling in love with her. Already I feel my heart strangely drawn toward her. Will not one of you, ladies, be kind enough to favor me with an introduction?"

"I will," said the obliging Mrs. A., "but beware of losing your heart too soon! Mr. C., a recruiting officer, just over the way, has been very attentive to her."

"Is he one of those who seem to work only for the pay they receive, and who never could respond to those words of Mrs. Browning:

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If so, an earnest, whole-souled worker, like her, will hardly fancy him."

"No, but people *do say* that she has a lover in the — Ohio, a Mr. H."

"Ha! That sounds a little more formidable. Do you *know* any thing of that affair?"

"Yes, I know that he required three months' persuasion before he could be induced to volun-

teer, and it is said that he only went into service then as a last resort for winning her."

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"He is right in thinking Mr. H. will fail to interest her; he never has and never can do it," said an old lady as soon as he had left.

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"Well, in order to tell you about it, I must go back to the day when we were all so busy over that silk banner. As the company had been gotten up through Jennie Jewitt's agency, every one said that she ought to make the farewell speech. When the men came in, just toward night, and told us that the company was full and they would leave early next morning, a thrill ran through each of us, partly of pride and partly of pain, for our bravest were also our dearest! As for Jennie, who had been so rosy and so lively all day, she spoke not a word, but just turned as pale as death, and presently she slipped out of one of those long narrow windows on to the portico. She told me afterward that she just began *then* to realize what she had done in urging these men to go to battle, and perhaps to death, and her heart shrunk back in dismay at the responsibility she had incurred. The sun had set beautifully clear, throwing a rosy tint over every object, and, as Jennie said, the shades of night seemed to gather more slowly than usual, as if reluctant to conceal that beauty. Jennie always loved nature, and as she looked about her then her eye kindled and the sunset glow seemed reflected on her cheek, for that beautiful scene made her think of the glories of that 'better land,' where, after the battle of life is ended, the beloved of the Lamb shall dwell for evermore. I had followed her softly when she went out, for she looked so pale that I feared she was going to faint, but as the color came to her face again, I stood still in the shadow of one of the large pillars, while she clasped her hands and prayed fervently, 'Grant, O blessed Savior, that these brave men may, by repentance and faith, be prepared for a place at thy right hand! so that if they fall in battle they may have—'

"A footstep startled her, while a voice close at her side said, 'I have been searching for you in the crowd, Miss Jennie, but am glad to find

you alone, for I have something to say especial to you.' It was Mr. H., and Jennie looked as if she considered him an intruder. She had known him but slightly till the war broke out. Then she had earnestly solicited him to volunteer, and he had nothing to deter him from doing so except his love of personal ease. Jennie had been displeased at his lack of patriotism, and had told him so, right plainly. He, misconstruing her zeal, read in it only a warm interest in himself, and had come now, at this most inopportune moment, as it seemed to her, to make her a formal offer of his hand and heart. But no sooner did she divine his errand, than she interrupted him, by saying, 'This is no time, Mr. H., to think of personal matters. Our country should have the first place in every true heart. The work she now calls upon us to do is pressing; let me engage earnestly in that, other things can wait. Since you refuse to help, you must not hinder us in this struggle for freedom.'

"Then I may indulge the hope of winning you after this war is over?"

"No, sir; you have misunderstood my words if you thought they implied any thing of the kind, and I am too busy now even to think of what you have said; so I beg of you to shorten this interview and forget that it has ever taken place."

"Ah, I see I have a rival, one of those volunteers, perhaps!" he said with bitterness; 'his patriotic exertions are to be rewarded by this hand. Yet whoever he may be, Miss Jennie, he can not love and cherish you as I would have done.'

"You are right in saying you have a rival! It is—"

"Ha!" and his eye flashed, 'it is—'

"Listen, while I breathe the name of your rival! It is *my country*, and these brave men who forsake home and friends to aid her in this hour of peril, will always be dear to me."

"Jennie! Jennie Jewitt! where *are* you keeping yourself so long? We need you here!" came from half a dozen voices. Mr. H. 'pshawed!' at the interruption, but Jennie rejoiced in it and went to lend her assistance and give her opinion with regard to the mounting of the flag.

"Mr. H. walked up and down the portico, saying to himself, 'Perhaps, if I had volunteered when she asked me to, she would have smiled upon my suit. "All those who serve their country are *dear* to her," she says. Well, I must turn patriot, too, for her sake, and so try to find a way to her heart! I do n't despair yet of winning you, Miss Jennie Jewitt, but who would

have thought she could be so indifferent to my offer?"

"Leaving this egotist to his own reflections, I went in and found the ever-active Jennie preparing to cut out shirts and drawers for the soldiers. We spent the greater part of the night in making them up, for we were all too much excited to think of sleep, and were only glad of this necessity for exertion."

"In the few earnest words of farewell which Jennie spoke to the volunteers the next morning, there were such an utter forgetfulness of self, such a stirring patriotism mingled with womanly tenderness, sorrowing over their privations and sufferings, while a clear faith rising above all, pointed them to the Lamb of God who bled and died for their souls, that more than one brave man wept."

"Some of the bystanders were very lavish in their compliments upon the touching eloquence of the young speaker. One compared her to the gifted Corinne, while another said, 'I don't know who Corinne was, nor what her special gifts were, but the highest praise I can bestow upon this lady is, that she seems to be a real whole-souled Christian.'"

"Did Miss Jewitt ever find out that you played 'eavesdropper' while Mr. H. proposed to her?"

"O yes, I told her of it the very next day, but she seemed to have forgotten it already, her mind was so full of plans for the comfort of the soldiers. Since then she has been so busy, not only in knitting and sewing for them, but in raising fresh recruits whenever they are needed, that she has had no time to think of personal affairs."

"Neither her own nor Mr. H.'s, I suppose! But what of him, he is now in service?" some one said.

"Finding that Jennie still continued indifferent to him, he procured, through the influence of friends, the comfortable position of —, with its attendant comfortable salary, and then seeking Jennie, told her that, in accordance with her wishes, he was about to enter the service of his country, and after touchingly portraying the sacrifices he was making, in leaving home, and the great dangers he was about to incur, he claimed as his reward the promise of her hand. But she was in one of her teasing moods, and only answered playfully, 'Bless me, Mr. H., must I give a similar pledge to all whom I have induced to volunteer? Really, I had no conception of the weight of responsibility I was assuming!' And so he went away uncheered by any such promise, but consoling himself by pronouncing her a heartless girl."

"Heartless" one might as well say there is no door to the house he wishes to inspect, because he has tried to open it with a key that was never meant to fit that lock. But she has received letters from him since he went to war.

"Yes, when a man chooses to be persistent a woman can not always check it as speedily as she would like. But when I gravely told her that I hoped she was neither trifling with him nor giving him any encouragement, she asked, 'Does this sound like either?' and handed me a note, which read thus: 'Since you persist in forcing a subject upon me, which I have repeatedly told you I have no time to consider, I will answer your question by propounding another: Could a woman feel justified in intrusting her happiness to the keeping of one who, in this strange crisis of our beloved country, is so much absorbed in plans for his own individual comfort, as to care little or nothing for her great struggles? Must she not feel that the foundation stone of that character is selfishness, and would she not, with reason, fear that it would taint all the springs of domestic enjoyment and turn to cold, gray ashes the genial fire-light of home? If it is true, as you say, that you have no higher motive in serving your country than that of pleasing me, you will not accomplish much where earnest workers, whole-souled patriots—who love the cause of truth well enough to die for its defense—are needed! If you really feel as little interest in the issue of this contest as your words imply, the wisest thing you can do is to resign your place to another—to some one who, from the fact that his heart is in the work, must prove more efficient than yourself."

Dear reader, are there not many other ladies, all over our land, who are giving their best energies to their beloved country, and who will, like Jennie Jewitt, in these busy times, tolerate no rival lovers?

"The women are doing their part nobly in this struggle," is the testimony which comes even from lips not overfond of praising "woman's work."

PRAYER AND THE PROMISES.

WE are told that God gives what he promises only in answer to earnest and believing prayer; and therefore to expect the fulfillment of promises which we are not at the trouble to lift up in the shape of prayer to God is to expect the harvest without sowing, the Autumn without the Spring, results inseparable from means without the use of the means.

THE SONGS WE LOVED IN INFANCY.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

WHEN our lives are full of brightness,
Before we catch the gloom,
When our hearts are full of lightness,
Before the achings come;
When our feet have not grown weary
In the long and dusty road,
And the pathway is not dreary,
Which leads us up to God,
How like an angel melody
The songs we loved in infancy!

When the hopes of life are glowing,
When the dreams of life are dear,
When the joys of life are flowing
In a river, calm and clear;
When smiles, and love, and kindness,
Make all our pathway bright,
And we see not, in our blindness,
The coming of the night,
O, then how sweet, how dear must be
The songs we loved in infancy!

When the heart is weary with longing,
When the eye is heavy with tears,
When the old-time memories thronging
O'er the path of the buried years,
Scatter shadows and sunbeams o'er us,
Scatter blossoms and withered leaves,
And pictures rise up before us,
O'er which the lone spirit grieves,
O, then how sadly sweet must be
The songs we loved in infancy!

When the soul is bowed down with sorrow,
When our joy-beams have lost their light,
When there comes no bright to-morrow
To the long and dreary night;
When no kindly words of pity
Can calm the troubled breast,
And a home in the "Silent City"
Seems a beautiful place of rest,
How like a very dirge must be
The songs we loved in infancy!

But O! when the gates of heaven
Open to our weary feet,
When we see the washed and forgiven
Walking the golden street;
When with palm-boughs waving o'er us,
We stand on the other shore,
And swell the exulting chorus,
With the loved ones gone before,
How like the strains of heaven will be
The songs we loved in infancy!

AN EPITAPH.

BY REV. E. R. LATTA.

LIKE to some fair and fragile flower,
That blooms but for a day,
She, in her childhood's blameless hour,
Was borne to heaven away.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Exhibit.

THE PENTATEUCH NOT A FABLE; OR, A SHORT METHOD WITH COLENSO. GENEALOGICAL LIST OF JACOB'S FAMILY.—We have already noticed Colenso's work on the Pentateuch and the book of Joshua. The object of that work is to prove that these books are unhistorical in their character, and that to assume their historical truth requires us to believe in physical impossibilities, absurdities, and contradictions. The first point he endeavors to make against the credibility of the Pentateuch as a history, is based upon the genealogical list of Jacob's family. As this is put forth prominently, we may suppose it was regarded by the author as not only pertinent in point of proof, but also clearly sustained. We propose, in a short method, to examine it, and may possibly give a seriatim examination of each of his subsequent points. But of this hereafter.

Colenso assumes that the Pentateuch presents the following as facts; namely, that Judah was forty-two years old at the time of the going down into Egypt; and that during that forty-two years he had grown up, married at the age of twenty, had separately three sons by his wife; the eldest—Er—grows up, marries a wife, and dies without children; the second—Onan—grows up, marries the widow, and also dies without children; the third—Shelah—grows up and declines to marry his brother's widow; she—Tamar—subsequently deceives Judah and has twins by him, Pharez and Zarah; Pharez grows to maturity and has two sons, Hezron and Hamul; and all this is represented by the so-called inspired writers as having transpired before Judah had attained the age of *forty-two*. This he assumes was physically impossible, and, therefore, the narrative of Moses is not credible as a history.

A few notes may serve to elucidate this matter, and show at least how many probabilities come between Colenso and his demonstration of the unhistorical character of the Books of Moses.

According to some authorities Judah was forty-four, and still others make him sixty-two at the time of going down into Egypt.

The assumption that Judah was married at twenty years of age hangs on the slender thread that the expression—"at that time," in Genesis xxxviii, 1—refers to the precise time when Joseph, at the age of seventeen, was sold into Egypt, whereas it may have been used, as it probably was, with reference to the time Jacob had "dwelt in the land"—that is, the time between his return from Padan-aram to the promised land and his going down into Egypt. This expression—"at that time"—has, therefore, no such force as to fix the age of Judah at twenty when he was married. In fact, he and each of his sons may have been married

at twelve years of age. Dr. Clarke says—Com., 2 Kings xvi, 2—"The youth of both sexes in Eastern countries are marriageable at *ten or twelve* years of age." Ahaz died at the age of thirty-six, and Hezekiah, his son, then twenty-five years old, succeeded him on the throne. Consequently, Hezekiah was born before Ahaz was twelve years old. Then the following are possible results:

Age of Judah at the birth of Er.....	13
Age of Er, when he died, after being married.....	13
Onan married two years later to the widow.....	2
Age of Pharez at the birth of Hezron.....	13
Hamul born one year later.....	1
Age of Judah at "the going down".....	42

The above is on the supposition that Hezron and Hamul were born in Canaan before the going down into Egypt. It shows that there is no such impossibility in the narrative as would even throw a doubt over the authenticity of the Mosaic history.

But, then, the sacred narrative does not shut us up to the conclusion that Hezron and Hamul were actually born in Canaan before the going down into Egypt. Bishop Colenso quotes, "And the sons of Judah, Er, and Onan, and Shelah, and Pharez, and Zarah; but Er and Onan died in the land of Canaan. And the sons of Pharez were Hezron and Hamul"—Gen. xlv, 12—and adds, "It appears to me to be certain that the writer here means to say that Hezron and Hamul were *born in the land of Canaan*, and were among the seventy persons—including Jacob himself, and Joseph, and his two sons—who *came into Egypt* with Jacob." (P. 60.) To us it appears that "the writer" MEANS TO SAY no such thing; but after mentioning the death of Er and Onan, he names Hezron and Hamul as coming into their place. The exceptive—"but"—that Er and Onan died in Canaan *before the going down into Egypt*, implies that Hezron and Hamul were *not* born there. Indeed, *the going down into Egypt* probably included the seventeen years Jacob sojourned there, and it is probable that Hezron and Hamul were born during that time.

Then another consideration. This list is to be regarded as the family list kept by Jacob himself, and not a list made by Moses. In that early age there was not much writing done—not many family lists written out. Jacob's may not have been written till after he went down into Egypt. Perhaps it never would have been written by him but for the new circumstances that surrounded his family, and the danger of his posterity becoming absorbed among a strange people. The two grandsons of Judah were then no doubt born, whether they were before the going down

into Egypt or not; and nothing was more natural than for Jacob to place them in the family list as filling up the vacancy made by the death of Er and Onan. This view accords perfectly with the peculiar juxtaposition of the names and the manner in which they are introduced: *But Er and Onan died in the land of Canaan; and the sons of Pharez were Hezron and Hamul.* This very form of expression implies a *looking back* to the place where Er and Onan died, and that, therefore, the family list was made out in Egypt, where we are left to infer Hezron and Hamul were born.

Moses took the list as he found it. It was not his business to *revise* it; and even if there should appear to be some lack of mathematical exactness in the list, or some obscure points calling for elucidation, they can not mar its value as a historical record, much less can they prove the *unhistorical character* of the whole Pentateuch.

THE WOMAN WHOSE HEART IS SNARES AND NETS.—*"And I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her."* Eccl. vii, 26.

The following insidious mode of robbery, mentioned by Thevenot, gives a very lively comment upon these words of Solomon: "The most cunning robbers in the world are in this country. They use a certain slip with a running noose, which they cast with so much sleight about a man's neck when they are within reach of him, that they never fail, so that they strangle him in a trice. They have another curious trick also to catch travelers. They send out a handsome woman upon the road, who, with her hair disheveled, seems to be all in tears, sighing and complaining of some misfortune which she pretends has befallen her. Now, as she takes the same way as the traveler goes, he easily falls into conversation with her, and finding her beautiful, offers her his assistance, which she accepts; but he hath no sooner taken her up on horseback behind him, but she throws the snare about his neck and strangles him, or at least stuns him, till the robbers who lie hid come running in to her assistance, and complete what she hath begun."

KEEPING THE GARMENTS WHITE.—"Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment." Eccl. ix, 8.

This comparison loses all its force in Europe and America, but in India, where white cotton is the dress of all the inhabitants, and where the beauty of garments consists, not in their shape, but in their being clean and white, the exhortation becomes strikingly proper. A Hindoo catechist, says Mr. Ward, addressing a native Christian on the necessity of correctness of conduct, said, See how welcome a person is whose garments are clean and white. Such let our conduct be, and then, though we have lost caste, such will be our reception.

CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. xi, 1.

I believe Dr. Adam Clarke is right in supposing that this alludes to the sowing of rice. The Tamul translation has it, "Cast thy food upon the waters, and the profit thereof shall be found after many days." Rice

fields are so made as to receive and retain the rains of the wet monsoon, or to be watered from the tanks or artificial lakes. The rice prospers the most when the ground, at the time of sowing, is in the state of mud, or covered with a little water. In some lands the water is allowed **FIRST** to overflow the whole, and then the roots are just stuck into the mud, leaving the blades to float on the surface. In reaping-time, as the water often remains, the farmer simply lops off the ears. The Arabs have a very similar proverb, "Do good, throw bread into the water, it will one day be repaid thee." The Turks have borrowed it from the Arabs, with a slight alteration, according to which it is as follows: "Do good, throw bread into the water; even if the fish does not know, yet the Creator knows it." The meaning of the Hebrew, as well as of the Arabic and Turkish proverb, says Rosenmüller, is, "Distribute thy bread to all poor people, whether known or unknown to thee; throw thy bread even into the water, regardless whether it swims, and who may derive advantage from it, whether men or fish; for even this charity, bestowed at a venture, God will repay thee sooner or later."

SOUND OF THE GRINDING LOW.—"And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low; and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird; and all the daughters of music shall be brought low." Eccl. zii, 4.

It is to the first crowing of the house-cock in the morning, which is before daybreak, that Solomon probably alludes. This well describes the readiness of the restless old man to quit his uneasy bed, since it was much earlier than the usual time of rising. In the East, it was common to all, the young and the healthy, as well as the aged, to rise with the dawn.

The people in the East bake every day, and usually grind their corn as they want it. The grinding is the first work in the morning. This grinding with their mills makes a considerable noise, or rather, as Sir John Chardin says, "the songs of those who work them." May not this help to explain the meaning of this passage, in which the royal preacher, describing the infirmities of old age, among other weaknesses, says, *the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low?* that is, the feeble old man shall not be able to rise from his bed early in the morning to attend that necessary employment of grinding corn, consequently his doors shall be shut; neither will the noise of their songs, which are usual at that employment, be heard, or when it is heard, it will be only in a low, feeble tone.

CHRIST AND THE BELIEVER GETTING NEAR.—"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." John xvii, 24.

The following conversation took place with a slave, an old man, on one of the Southern plantations:

"You are an old man; will you not die soon?"

"Yes, I know I must."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I think I shall go to the good land."

"Why do you think you will go there?"

"I can not tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow Jesus and I get nearer together."

Blessed experience! "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."

Notes and Queries.

HELL.—*Answer to Question in February Number.*—The argument of the Universalist against the existence of hell, as given by J. B. A. in the February number of the Repository, though at first sight plausible, is far from being sound. His proofs, that hell could not have been created, are fallacious. 1. He says, "Hell was not created when the heavens and the earth were, or the Bible would have said so." By heavens, in the first verse of Genesis, we are not to understand all the universe besides the earth, but rather that part of it connected with our system. Neither the home of angels nor devils is mentioned in this brief narrative of the creation. Yet it does not follow from this omission that there was no peculiar abode of the Deity and angels before the earth was created.

2. "It was not," he says, "created *before*, for then the creation of the heavens and the earth would not have been in the beginning." This does not follow, for by the term beginning we are not to understand the beginning of the existence of *all* things. The angels probably existed prior to the earth, for when "the corner stone thereof was laid the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job xxxviii, 7. Stress is to be laid not on the term *beginning*, but on the terms created and God, and the meaning is, that in the beginning, no matter when that beginning was, the heavens and the earth were created by God, and were not eternal.

3. He says, "It was not created afterward, for in six days God finished all the works of his creation." I think there is no passage that teaches that God finished all the works of his creation in six days, but simply all the works of *that* particular creation connected with our system. For aught that we know to the contrary, God may be at the present moment of time bringing other worlds into existence.

We think that we have given no far-fetched meaning to the Bible account of the creation, but one that is generally received.

The premises, we think, do not sustain the conclusion that "there is no such place as hell;" so that we have still good reason to believe that hell was "prepared for the devil and his angels," and that the "wicked shall be cast into hell with all the nations that forget God."

H. C. G.

ANOTHER ANSWER.—In answer to the question of J. B. A., in the February number of the Repository, I would submit the following:

1. The first position taken is a bare assertion, without any authority whatever.

2. For any thing we know hell may have been created after the general act of creation, immediately subsequent to the revolt of the fallen angels, as we learn that it was "prepared for the devil and his angels." But I think the reasonable and true solution of the question is that, as all sin is a perversion of God, so hell is a perversion of some part of the original creation from its first purpose, to adapt it to the condition

to which sin has reduced the sinner, so rendering it a fit place for his punishment. Hence we would conclude that it was not a new or special creation at all. In a similar manner the earth was cursed for man's sake, and rendered a thorny and sterile waste in complete contrast with the Paradise which was the home of Adam's innocence.

L. V. C.

SECOND CAUSES.—Every event, change of form or place, that occurs in the physical universe, is caused absolutely either by God himself or by created spirits.

That is the proposition; this is the proof. Whatever in its simple state is passive, can never by any confounding become otherwise; matter is such a thing; therefore matter in every possible state is passive. Passivity is never causative. But events or effects take place in the realm of matter. Reason, revelation, and experience intimate nothing of the existence of more than two substances—matter and mind. Therefore we are compelled to refer for the cause of every event to the realm of mind. Mind alone is causative. This being true, some consequences follow. *E. g.*: The vegetable kingdom is carried on not by forces or laws of nature, but immediately by God. Just as in a house, every brick is put in its place by the mason, so also in every oak, peach, or tulip, every minutest particle is selected and put in its place, not by affinity or any so-called law of nature, but by God himself. Nature is a vast stage on which the ever-present Spirit ever works the most beautiful as well as most astonishing miracles. This is not fancy, but fact. But if any of your correspondents thinks otherwise, let him answer this question: What other thing than mind is truly causative? Are not second causes a convenient fiction?

J. P. L.

INFANTS.—Of course J. M. W. can not be a Methodist in theology, since he uses the word "imputed" in such a sense as neither our fathers nor the Bible justify. No orthodox Methodist believes that "such is the intimate connection of Adam and his descendants that *his* guilt is imputed to *them*." And what better is it than monstrous to say, that "for this imputed guilt God could as legally punish as for actual guilt?"

J. P. L.

SPACE AGAIN.—The profound remarks of D. O. in the Notes and Queries of February, are suggestive. Our difference is about the objective *entity* of space, which I deny. Just as an abstract idea is not an entity so space is *not a thing*. Isaac Taylor calls space an "ultimate abstraction." It is, says he, "an abstract notion; nor can I rid myself of it; it is like to nothing; it clings to my consciousness." The opinion that the idea of space springs out of our perception of matter is asserted by the great Cousin: "L'idée d'espace nous est donnée à l'occasion de l'idée de corps." Coleridge says, "If I had to express *my conviction* that space is *not itself a thing*, but only a mode of perceiving, I would convey this by the words, space is subjective." So, it still is true that space is only an idea and not a

reality—merely a conception and not an entity. To the same article D. O., who seems to think that spirits occupy space, I would remark: Whatever occupies space necessarily has length, breadth, and thickness. Will D. O., therefore, be so kind as to tell me whether spirits are long, or short, or round, or square, or what is their general shape? Or will he be so candid as to admit that the notion of spirits occupying space is as absurd as the believing that an idea may be blue, or red, or yellow?

J. P. L.

HELL ANSWERED.—It does not require much sagacity to answer J. B. A.'s February query about hell. The creation "in the beginning" need not refer to the whole material universe—it may mean only our system. Other systems may have existed for countless ages before ours was created. At least it is for this objector to prove that this is not so. When the abstract contingency, that angels and man might fall into sin, became a concrete reality, it was easy enough for God to assign some hitherto untenanted globe as the place of their miserable banishment from his presence. This answers the query. Another reply might be this: Hell did n't need to be created. When angels and man sinned hell sprang up in their bosoms. Hell is the sinful state of rebellious moral agents. The continuance of this state forever will be the eternity of hell.

J. P. L.

QUESTIONS FOR THEOLOGIAN.—Do the Scriptures teach the doctrine that a man may outlive in the present life the possibility—not the probability—of salvation? Or do they bear Dr. Watts out in the declaration,

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return?"

If they teach the former, do they do it by positive declaration or by necessary implication? If so, an inquirer after truth will be glad to know it. If there is reason for the sentiment of Dr. Watts, as quoted above, and no Scripture, fairly interpreted, against it, will some one of your readers in this department produce it? The opposite views held by theologians on this subject seem to me to render some discussion on it not altogether undesirable.

Another question. Is the moral quality of an action always determined by the motive from which it results? If so, was Saul of Tarsus criminal before God while persecuting the Church of Christ? In that case was not the motive good and yet the action resulting from it both wicked and punishable? If this be so, then does it not follow that an action derives its moral quality frequently outside of the motive which produces it? We might cite other cases, but they can be easily imagined. What I want to know is, is not the general idea held by people that the motive governs the virtuous or vicious quality of actions false in many cases? In the case of Saul of Tarsus, was not ignorance, for which he was voluntarily responsible, the ground of his sin in persecuting the Church of Christ?

F. S. C.

JONES AND EVANS PHILOLOGICAL COUSINS.—It may not be generally known, but it is a philological fact that Jones and Evans are the same name, and both modifications of the word John. The name John is, in Spanish, Juan, from the Latin or Greek, Joannes. In

the Russian, it is Ivan, and in the Welsh, Evan. The letters I and J are interchangeable, as well as U and V; in the one case they have a vowel and in the other a consonant sound. The Welsh Evan is usually sounded like Ivan; for in many words the initial i and e are indifferent; as *inquire* and *enquire*. Jones is, therefore, the possessive case of the word John, sounded with the consonant, while Evans is the same case with the vowel sound; the one being derived more immediately, the other more remotely from the original Greek.

S.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM ANSWERED.

Given $x_2 + \sqrt{x} = 18$ to find the value of x .

By conditions $x^2 + \sqrt{x} = 18$ (1.) or

$$18 - x_2 = \sqrt{x} \quad (2.)$$

Squaring both sides $324 - 36x_2 + x^2 = x$ (3.)

Transposing $x^2 - 36x_2 - x + 324 = 0$ (4.)

Factoring $(x^2 - 16)(x^2 - 20) + 4 - x = 0$ (5.)

Dividing the factors $x^2 - 16$ and $x^2 - 20$ into both sides of the equation $x^2 - 36x_2 - x + 324 = 0$ we find

$$4 - x = 0 \text{ or}$$

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Any question involving the fourth and first powers can be solved by this method; but I submit for the consideration of mathematicians, whether this method of factoring out the result in equations of this class is perfectly legitimate? It has authority, I know, but is it beyond question?

F. S. C.

[Similar solutions have also been received from L. W. P., Rhinebeck, N. Y.; G. W. P. S., Cincinnati; and J. W. H., Astoria, N. Y.]

QUOTATIONS TRACED TO THEIR SOURCES.—A literary gleaner gives the following as the proximate, if not the original sources of the annexed familiar quotations:

Like angels' visits, short and far between.—*Blair*.

Of outward show elaborate; of inward less exact.—*Milton*.

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.—*Shak. Othello*.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?—*Pope*.

Nature's last best gift.—*Milton*.

Procrastination is the thief of time.—*Young*.

The childhood shows the man.—*Milton*.

Man is a continuation of the child.—*Alfieri*.

She loved not wisely but too well.—*Shakespeare*.

Labor of love.—*Hebrews vi*.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—*Shakespeare*.

Fine by degrees and beautifully less.—*Prior*.

God made the country, and man made the town.—*Cowper*.

Variety's the very spice of life.—*Cowper*.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.—*Merch. Ven.*

No man is a hero to his valet de chambre.—*Marshal Cartinot*.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—*Campbell*.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

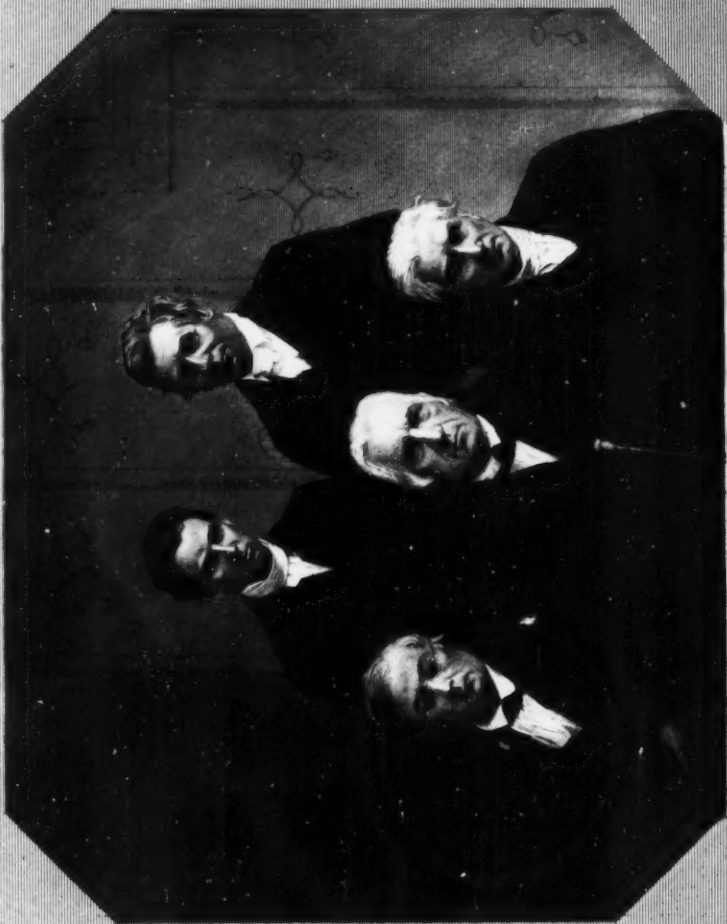
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Romeo and Juliet.

ORIGIN OF THE SIGN OF EQUALITY.—This sign (=) was introduced into algebra by Robert Recorde, the first English author on this subject, some time about 1557. In his treatise on algebra, called "Whetstone of Witte," he says: "To avoide the tedious repetition of these words, is *egualle to*, I will sette as I doe often in worke use, a paire of parallel lines of one lengthe, thus: =, because no 2 thynges can be more equalle."

QUERY.—Is it possible for a finite being to take in finite pains?

1894



Portrait of the four men in the black and white photograph

Portrait of the four men in the black and white photograph

Portrait of the four men in the black and white photograph

Portrait of the four men in the black and white photograph

Biography for Children.

FRANK'S MUSEUM.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"MOTHER, Frank's propensity for saving is becoming really mortifying sometimes. Do n't you think, to-day when the Horton girls were here, and we came in with our parcels, he took all the wrapping-papers and folded them up carefully, and wound the twine on a ball he took from his pocket. I am sure they thought it very odd. You must have quite a museum of savings up there in the attic by this time, Frank. Are you going about the country exhibiting some of these days, or are you going to speculate a little in the twine and paper line?"

"I have not decided yet," said Frank, pleasantly. "I am afraid I shall have to keep closed doors on my museum; it proves so attractive to adventurers in search of almost any sort of supplies."

"That is true, Frank," said mother, "when any thing is wanted about the house, we are sure to say, 'No doubt Frank has something that will answer,' and some one travels up to your attic corner, and sure enough the right thing is almost sure to be found. I do not know what we should have done last washing-day if it had not been for the piece of rope we found in one of your boxes. Bridget's line broke down and no one had time to go to the store for a new one."

"I am very glad I had it, mother, and my stores are free to all, if they will only be kind enough not to stir things up with a stick when they go a hunting," and he glanced mischievously at his sister Sophy, who gave her head a little indignant toss, which was designed as a denial of the charge. "All the papers in the big box are public property, but those on file be kind enough to respect. When I go to Congress one of these days I shall need to look them over, you know. The balls of twine are in a paper box by themselves, and the old chest marked 'miscellaneous' contains a little of every thing, though assorted as well as the case would allow. I dare say I shall have my old stock all cleared out and a new one in before the 'seven years' are up, which grandfather says we should keep every thing before we decide it is of no use."

"He got his wonderful economy notions that Winter he spent at grandfather's," said Sophy.

"It would be a good plan to send you there for a Winter, would it not, Sophy?" said her father, looking up from his paper.

"No, I thank you, father. I will be content to take my lessons second-hand. Frank means to impress it on all the young people around, I guess," said his sister, still remembering the twine and papers he had saved so carefully before her young friends.

"Well, may he never do any thing worse," said his father quite seriously. "No one knows what need we may have for economy before long, unless prospects brighten some. They look dark enough now. Frank, if we had all followed your example we should have been better prepared for the 'rainy day' which these clouds seem likely to bring upon us. If it does n't prove a drenching storm I shall be thankful. I hope we shall all avoid any needless expense this Winter."

The darkness did not lighten, but the cloud, "the size of a man's hand," spread into one black curtain, which covered the whole heavens. There was need now for the practice of frugality in thousands of homes, where it had never before been thought of. Mr. King's household was no exception. Frank seemed the mainstay of the house now, though he was only fifteen years old, and even sister Sophy, who was three years older, learned many useful lessons from him. Though a gay, thoughtless girl, she loved her mother and father dearly, as well as her brothers and sisters; and now that

adversity had waked up the better portion of her nature, she wished for nothing so much as to add to their comfort.

Did you ever think what a great blessing misfortune is sometimes? It brings out a great many beautiful traits of character which would have been hid for life without it. And heart riches are a great deal more valuable than all the gold and silver in the world. A dry Summer is necessary sometimes, so that the roots of trees and plants will strike down deep into the earth in search of nourishment. That makes them strong and able to stand the blasts. The land too needs to draw up with the moisture below the mineral fertilizers which are so needful to all grains; and if there is plenty of moisture on the surface they would have no inducement to search deeper. So continual ease and plenty make us surface people, and cause us to neglect the heart.

Now Sophia King went to work with more energy than she had ever shown before in her life, to help her mother fit out comfortable suits of clothing for the children out of old materials already on hand. Frank was quite an assistant here. Though he was a manly little fellow, he was familiar with every sort of work that came under his observation. He could sit down at the sewing-machine and make up a sack for his little brother, while Sophy was finishing off one of Susy's dresses with perfect care; and when buttons, or buckles, or cording, or tapes were needed, there would be sure to be something in his "museum" that would answer, saving a great many pennies and dimes. It came to be regarded as one of the most useful institutions about the house, and mother proposed moving the "miscellany" box down stairs, one story, into Frank's own room, so as to save so many journeys up the attic steps.

The children never looked better dressed, nor were they ever more comfortable than on that first Winter of the war, though nothing was bought new for them except shoes. An outgrown cloak of Sophy's made Susy a handsome coat, with wide sleeves, and she would not for any thing have it known that the pretty velvet hat her little sister wore to Church was made out of pieces cut from an old vest of her father's. Necessity teaches a great many curious expedients. But every new success gave her far more pleasure than the most delightful afternoon's shopping used to do. Besides, they were all learning a useful lesson, which would be of life-long service to them. They were learning how comfortably they could live on a very narrow income, and common care and anxiety was drawing them still closer to each other. There is nothing like the memory of sweet home-love to guard a young man when he is out in the world alone battling for himself. There is no capital with which to begin life like a happy childhood.

Even Susy and Georgie caught the spirit which pervaded the family, and took it upon them to save and assort the cuttings and pieces left from the family mantua-making. A pretty patch-work quilt was the result of Susy's efforts, which was duly praised by all the family, from father to Frank. A bag of paper rags was Georgie's prize, with which he designed to make his fortune.

The second Winter looked more cloudy in prospect than the first had done. Mother examined her stores over and over as the first frosts came, to see what else she possessed which could be turned to account in clothing the children, but the resources seemed pretty well exhausted the previous Winter. With much anxiety she looked forward to the long, cold months, and she feared her little flock might suffer for want of proper clothing. Like a true mother, she felt she could sacrifice every thing of her own not positively needful for the benefit of her children. She talked it over with Frank as usual, but he seemed uncommonly cheerful, as he asked her once what things she especially needed.

"Let us just set them down, mother," said he, "on a slip of paper, so we can see exactly what we have to get, and then we will estimate the cost a little."

So he sharpened a pencil, and while his mother sewed he noted down one after another the things which were quite needful for their comfort, even to the number of yards of delaine, and gingham, and calico that it would require. Over twenty dollars they would all cost, and Mrs. King was quite disheartened.

"Keep up good courage, mother," said Frank, "the Lord has always provided for us abundantly so far, and I am not a bit afraid but what he will now."

That afternoon Frank spent most of his time in his "museum," but nobody thought strange of that, it was such a common thing. The next morning mother went to visit a sick friend who lived a mile away, leaving Sophy in charge of the house. Her brother had communicated a precious secret to her the evening before, and as soon as mother was gone they ran away to the attic and were as busy as a couple of nailers the next two hours. Frank had engaged for the sale of all his old files of papers, brown wrapping-papers, and paper bags, to a merchant for a very high price, and also his many balls of neatly-wound twine. Even old papers to make over brought twelve cents a pound, cotton had grown so scarce. The old barrels full of mice-eaten pamphlets, books, and papers, which had long ago been given over to Frank to do what he pleased with, and which had all been well assorted, were rolled over to the store-keeper's on a wheelbarrow and a very handsome order was written and handed to Frank, giving him a title to more dollars' worth of "merchandise" than he had ever dared hope for. Mother's bill was all filled out, and there was enough left over to buy a new every-day coat for father, an article which he needed very much.

Sophy fairly danced for joy when the treasures were all spread out on the dining-room table waiting for mother's return, and her joy was not lessened when Mrs. King entered the room and made one of the party. I will not undertake to describe her surprise and pleasure, and that of the father when he returned at nightfall; but I am sure nobody in the house has treated Frank's "museum" with disrespect since that day.

Now, what other little boy or girl will begin such a saving's bank of little useful articles that would otherwise be thrown away? "Waste not, want not," is a true old proverb. "Gather up all the fragments that nothing be lost," was said by the Maker of all things.

TURNED OUT OF HEAVEN.—Little Eddy is a smart boy of seven summers. One day, after being in a thoughtful mood for some time, he said, "Mother, did God ever turn any one out of heaven?" "Yes," was the reply. "What for?" was the next question. "For being wicked," was the reply. "Well," said Eddy, "if I ever get there I am afraid he will turn me out some time." S. B. M. L.

WHERE THE SUN GOES.—On another occasion Eddy said, "Mother, I know where the sun goes to when it goes down." "Where, my child?" "Why, it goes down, down, till it strikes the earth, then it all breaks to pieces, and all the pieces fly off, and they are what we call the stars. Then in the night God gathers them all together and puts them yonder," pointing to the east, "and starts it again." S. B. M. L.

ADDITIONAL ANSWERS have been given to the riddles, anagrams, etc., that appeared prior to our February number. It is not necessary to repeat them, as the true answers have already been published. One of our correspondents, who sends us a host of correct solutions and along with them two or three not correct, says: "When a boy I took great interest in riddles, charades, and puzzles in general; and though now rather an old man, I am glad to find you have introduced them into your Repository. I have been amusing myself in trying to guess such as I had not met with before. Below is the result of my guesses from August to December, inclusive. I feel hardly satisfied with some of the solutions, as you will see, and perhaps you will think some of mine are wide of the

mark. Perhaps I may send two or three for your acceptance."

We are indebted to S. S., the writer of the above, for the riddles in this number.

RIDDLES.—

I.

My first is less than nothing, affirm it I do,
For though it seems strange, it is perfectly true.
It had been well if my second had never been known,
That source of distress from the hut to the throne.
Having told you so plainly, if you can't find it out,
You are but my whole, I have not the least doubt.

II.

My first is a covering for the head,
My second's a tint in fashion;
Let not my whole of you be bred,
For 't is an odious passion.

III.

My first's a preposition small;
Man must my second since the fall;
Surrounding seas and barrier hills,
Or lines laid down by royal wills,
Compose the confines of my third;
My whole's a proud and angry word.

IV.

From rosy bowers we issue forth,
From east to west, from north to south,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
Abroad we take our airy way;
We foster love and kindle strife;
The bitter and the sweet of life;
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel;
Now smooth as oil, those wounds we heal;
Not strings of pearl are valued more,
Or gems enclased in golden ore;
Yet thousands of us every day,
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double doors through which we pass;
For, once escaped, back to our cell
No human art can us compel.

The above was in type for our last number, but was crowded out. Since then we have received a large supply and a host of answers.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN FEBRUARY.—The following are the answers to the riddles in our February number—I. Five and seven; II. The shoemaker was a blacksmith and horses his customers; III. The letter O.

The first was answered by Johnny V.C., of Dayton; J. F., of Ridgedale, Iowa; M. S. B. and sister, of Millersville, Penn.; M. E. C., Greensburg, Ia.; N. A. B., Hannegan, Ia.; C. W. S., Hog Creek, O.; E. C., Locust Knob, O.; E. G. and H. C., of Bloomfield, Ia.; A. K. V., of Topeka, Kansas; M. C., Dubuque, Iowa; E. A. W., of East Charleston, Penn.; E. R. M., of Meeker's Grove; H. A. B., of South Bend, Ia.; L. H. F., of Keithsburg, Ill.; W. M. S., of Tippecanoe county, Ia.; W. P. L., of Millersburg; A. T. R., of Alto, Ia.; E. J. B., of Berea, O.; F. S. F., of York, Penn.; Miss A. M. K., New Freedom, Penn.; M. H. D., of Erie county, N. Y.; C. N. S., of Martin, and C. H. C., of White Oak, Ill.

The second by J. V.C.; J. F.; M. S. B.; M. E. C.; C. W. S.; B. E. C., Locust Knob, O.; A. K. V.; M. C.; M. L. E., of Sunville, Penn.; W. M. S.; E. J. B.; F. S. F.; A. M. K.; Ella and Ada, of Muncie, Ia., and C. H. C.

The third by Mattie V.C., of Dayton; M. L. K., of Franklin, Ill.; J. F.; M. E. C.; C. W. G.; E. G.; H. C.; M. C.; E. A. W.; M. L. E.; W. M. S.; E. C., of East Clarksfield, O.; E. R. M.; A. T. R.; E. J. B.; F. S. F.; A. M. K.; Ada V., of Muncie, Ia.; M. H. D.; C. N. S., and C. H. C.

ANSWER TO CHARADES.—No. I.—*Kingfisher*—given by Master E. J. B., of Berea, O.; Miss A. M. K., of New Freedom, Penn.

No. II.—*Bargain*—given by A. M. K.

Mystic Gleanings.

A CHERUB'S SMILE WILL TAME A SAVAGE.—The following incident is vouched for by the author of *Sketches of Algeria*. It shows how deep, ineradicable, and universal is the sentiment of humanity. Even war can not wholly destroy it:

The houses of the Kabyle village were all but deserted and empty; the women and children had been sent for protection to neighboring tribes further removed from the seat of war. In one a Zouave, mad for plunder, was struck by observing a huge jar of rudely baked earthenware standing in a corner. To rush forward and dash it into pieces with his musket—but was the affair of a second, when to his surprise out rolled a poor little Kabyle child, who, forgotten amidst the general confusion and flight, had crept into the jar for shelter. The Zouave raised his musket, but the little cherub smiled on its assailant, as though perfectly at home. The rude Zouave's heart was touched. Perhaps he thought of some far-off home in France, where a brother or sister might be playing in the sunshine like the poor Kabyle child, who smiled unconscious of the threatening musket. Perhaps it was merely his better nature touched by that smile. I know not how it was, but I do know that the Zouave, laying down his musket on the ground, secured the child on his back with his turban, and then rushed forward on his way. The poor baby was thus borne through the thickest of the fray, but it seemed to have a charmed life. The balls whistled harmlessly by it; and though that night the brave Zouave was found lying on his face, with a ball through his brain, the child was asleep and unharmed. It was subsequently adopted by the officers of the regiment, and is yet alive.

THE LORD'S NAE DEAF.—This story of Scottish pastoral visiting, or rather of non-visiting, is worth repeating, not only for the moral lesson it contains, but also for the vein of quiet irony that crops out so suddenly at its close:

A poor old deaf man, residing in a Fifeshire village, was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and, therefore, made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through this resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man till three years after, when, happening to go through the alley in which the poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and, therefore, could not avoid inquiring for her husband.

"Well, Margaret," said the minister, "how is Thomas?"

"Nae the better o' ye," was the rather curt answer.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister.

"Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye never ance darkened the door sin syne."

"Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not necessary to call and pray with Thomas, for he's deaf, ye know, and can not hear me."

"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "the Lord's nae deaf."

And the indolent clergyman shrank abashed from the cottage.

THE SENTIMENTAL SCHOOL-MISTRESS AND HER PRODIGY.—There is something inspiring in the manner in which plodding practicality brings the visionary aeronaut down to earth's dead level:

"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted school-mistress to an unusually-promising scholar, whose quarter was about up—

"my dear boy, does your father design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of the profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery field of literature?"

"No, marm," said the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's goin' to set me to work in the tater patch."

BONE ORNAMENTS.—The following ought to have been dedicated to the "copperheads" of the Northern States:

Silent the lady sat alone:

In her ears were rings of dead men's bone;
The brooch on her breast shone white and fine,
'T was the polished joint of a Yankee's spine;
And the well-carved handle of her fan
Was the finger-bone of a Lincoln man;
She turned aside a flower to cull
From a vase which was made of a human skull;
For to make her forget the loss of her slaves,
Her lovers had rifled dead men's graves.
Do you think I'm describing a witch or a ghoul?
There are no such things—and I'm not a fool;
Nor did she reside in Ashantee;
No! the lady fair was an F. F. V.

ELOQUENT PERORATION.—There are most unmistakable indications of a revolution in public sentiment among the masses of the English people on the American people. The great London meeting and similar meetings which are being held in different parts of the kingdom give evidence that there is such an "institution" as *the people* even in old England. The peroration of the great speech of Rev. Newman Hall, at the London meeting, is one of masterly eloquence:

That "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of all the earth;" that there is no right so sacred as that which a man has to himself, no wrong so flagrant as that of robbing a man of himself; that it is an abomination to steal a man and to sell him; that it is no less an abomination to breed a man and to sell him than for a man to barter away his own offspring for gold; that it is an abomination to expose men and women on the auction-block, and feel their muscles and hand them over to the highest bidder as you would cattle; that it is an abomination to deny to a woman the rights of chastity and maternity; that it is an abomination judicially to declare that a colored man has no rights which a white man need respect; that it is an abomination to flog a naked woman, whether she be a Hungarian countess or an African slave; that it is an abomination to fine, imprison, flog, and, on a repetition of the act, hang a man for teaching another man to read the Bible; that it is hideous blasphemy to cite that Bible of a God of love in defense of such abominations; that a confederacy of men fighting in order to commit these abominations should be regarded as engaged in a portentous piracy than in legitimate warfare; that the conscience and heart of free England can never wish to recognize an empire avowing as its cornerstone the right to maintain and extend these abominations; and, lastly, as the recognition of an empire involves reception of its ambassador, that the loyalty of Great Britain loathes the very idea of such an indignity being offered to the Royal Lady we delight to venerate as that her pure, matronly, and widowed hand, which wields only the acceptor of love over the free, should ever be contaminated by the kiss of any representative of so foul a conspiracy against civilization, humanity, and God!

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

A MISSIONARY TRIUMPH.—Missions in Madagascar were begun in the year 1820, and for eight years were under royal protection, but with little apparent fruit other than the translation of the Bible, and making the Gospel outwardly known, by preaching, and by educating some thousands a year. Then for seven years followed a period of permissive tolerance under a new queen, which gradually hardened into a stern arrest of the whole work in 1835, after which commenced a third period, marked by a bloody persecution of Christians. All public worship was forbidden, and numerous executions took place. For twenty-five years this oppression continued, at the end of which time—1860—a change of rulers induced a change of policy. Then it was found that the faith had been still preserved; that during this long night of suffering believers still grew and multiplied; that the native overseers left behind by the missionaries when they were expelled had ministered to their flocks with singular wisdom and fidelity, and proven noble examples of holiness, patience, and fidelity even unto death. No where in modern times has the Lord vouchsafed a finer testimony to the theory of Protestant missions than this narrative unfolds. The first laborers saw no converts in the time of favor, but they labored intelligently and faithfully. They gave the people the truth, and the truth vindicated itself. Cut off from all outward support, with no human prospect of deliverance, these devoted converts held fast the faith with the constancy of the primitive martyrs for a quarter of a century. And now five new church edifices are in course of erection upon as many sites, each of which is memorable as the place where Malagasy believers resisted unto blood striving against sin. Any doubter as to the use and value of Christian missions will find his doubts resolved by a simple reference to the faith and fortitude of Malagasy converts.

DEATH OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.—This well-known citizen of Cincinnati died on the 10th of February, aged 80 years. He was probably the wealthiest man in the State, and his efforts in producing native wine, and encouraging the cultivation of the strawberry, have given him a wide reputation in the country. He came to Cincinnati at an early day, and, by prudence and judicious investments, acquired a vast amount of property in and about the city. From his great wealth it was supposed that he would have endowed or founded some college, hospital, or other institution, but he has not. His charitable acts during his lifetime were few, and were more the result of his eccentricities than of genuine benevolence. But "the rich man died and was buried."

DR. EDWARD ROBINSON.—There are few men living or dead who have contributed as largely or as well to the literature of the Church as the late Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., whose death occurred in New York on the 27th of January. His works, although numerous, are more to be prized for their intrinsic value

than their number. Among these are his translation of Buttman's Greek Grammar, his Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, his Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek and English, his edition of Calmet's Biblical Dictionary, and his translation of Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, in addition to his noted Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent countries.

EXHIBIT OF THE WESTERN BOOK CONCERN FOR 1862.—The annual Exhibit of the Agents gives the following results:

RESOURCES.	
Books, bound and in sheets, in Cincinnati and Chicago.....	\$59,577 98
Presses, Plates, Type, Printing Paper, etc., in Cincinnati and Chicago.....	38,674 93
Materials and Tools in Bindery.....	6,880 37
Editors' Library, and Furniture in Offices in Cincinnati and Chicago...	1,525 00
Store Fixtures and amount due on joint walls in Chicago.....	1,500 00
	\$108,158 28
Notes and Accounts in Cincinnati and Chicago.....	\$122,114 94
Deduct 20 per cent. for probable losses.....	24,422 98
	97,691 96
Real Estate in Cincinnati and Chicago.	96,282 37
Stock in Cincinnati Fuel Company....	500 00
Cash and Drafts in Cincinnati and Chicago.....	22,064 16
Books, Accounts, Paper, Type, etc., in St. Louis.....	4,002 33
	\$329,389 10
LIABILITIES.	
Notes and Accounts in Cincinnati and Chicago.....	\$66,276 86
Net Capital, Nov. 30, 1862.....	\$263,112 24
Deduct Capital Nov. 30, 1861....	244,653 02
	\$18,459 22
Net Profit for Year ending Nov. 30, 1862.....	\$18,459 22
Book sales at Cincinnati—1862.....	\$55,652 29
Periodical sales at Cincinnati.....	134,002 62
	\$189,654 91
Total sales at Cincinnati.....	\$189,654 91
Book sales at Chicago.....	\$46,989 54
Periodical sales at Chicago.....	60,848 29
	107,837 83
Total Western Book Concern....	\$297,492 74
Total last year—1861.....	259,438 23
Increase.....	\$38,054 51

The Agents paid during the year out of the profits of the Concern, on the salaries and traveling expenses of the Bishops, and on other orders of the General Conference, \$6,316.68.

AMERICAN STEEL.—The manufacture of steel for all purposes is now no longer an experiment in this country. Manufacturers of machinery, fire-arms, and other implements where steel is required, are turning their attention to this matter. This is as it should be. There are four or five steel manufactories at Pittsburg, Penn., some of them as extensive as many of the Sheffield works. Consumers of steel in New England, says the Boston Commercial Bulletin, may be interested in the information that one of the best of the Pittsburg establishments, that of Hussey, Wells & Co., and who have an office in Boston, in Doane-street, have recently

made important acquisitions, not only as regards capacity for turning out large *quantity*, but also in the most skillful labor, which is, after the right sort of ore is selected, the best guarantee for *quality*. Their refined tool steel, saw-plates, cutlery, machinery, file, sheet, sheer, railroad spring, homogeneous, and decarbonized steel, and many other grades, are much sought after and pronounced by competent judges to be fully equal to the best English steel.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONALISTS.—The Congregational Journal for January, 1863, gives statistics of the denomination in the United States, Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Jamaica, which foot up as follows: Churches, 2,884; ministers, 2,643—of whom 904 are pastors, 861 stated supplies, 215 not specified, and 663 not in service—Church members, 261,474, of whom 33,535 are absent—increase, 2,858—Sabbath school scholars, 255,257.

LIVERPOOL CHURCHES.—Liverpool is professedly a religious place. With 500,000 of a population it has 190 churches and chapels—a supply equal to that furnished by the most moral town in England, and yet a supply that will only accommodate about one-third of the gross population. The Church of England has 79; of Rome, 23; of our own Wesleyan, 16; of all the Presbyterians, 11; of other Methodist, 11; and of a varied medley of sects, 49 ecclesiastical edifices: most of the structures are imposing and costly. In four of the Wesleyan chapels—chapels so termed, although they rival some of the very grandest of the Church of England buildings in style and expenditure—the full service, as embodied in the Book of Common Prayer, Litany Collects, Confessions, Absolution, Psalms, and Epistles, is performed every Sabbath morning.

THE SPENSERIAN STANZA IN GERMAN.—A first attempt has just been made in Germany to naturalize the Spenserian Stanza. Prof. Bodenstedt has narrated the second marriage of the Czar Ivan the Terrible in that meter, and, though the quantity of double rhymes necessary in German poetry has a very different effect from the verse of "Childe Harold" or "The Faerie Queene," the success of the experiment is perfect.

CURIOUS RELICS OF OLD EGYPT.—The one important feature to a stranger is the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, recently founded by the Pasha, in a commodious house overlooking the Nile. It has been placed under the curatorship of M. Marietta, who visited Egypt in the service of the Louvre. The largest portion of the collection was purchased at once from M. Huber, long engaged in forming it, with a fastidious taste that admitted into the series none but fine examples. It is consequently a remarkably excellent introduction to the arts practiced by the ancient Egyptians, and to the future studies to such as ascend the river to become familiar with the astounding works of that great people. It may suffice to say that nothing, from a scarabeus to a granite sarcophagus, is wanting to carry the student through the various fine arts assumed three thousand years ago. The great feature of the collection is the recent addition of gold ornaments discovered by accident at Gournou, Thebes, by some boys in ground unmarked by any tomb. The fine mummies upon which they were placed passed

into the hands of the Pasha of Keneh, who was induced to part with them to the Viceroy's museum. They were unwrapped, and more than twenty-five pounds' weight of gold ornaments found upon them. The series of necklaces, with figures of jackals in gold, and the golden bracelets, enriched by enamel colors, are extraordinary works of art as well as of great intrinsic value; one of them is very remarkable, having the sacred hawk for its central ornament, holding the emblem of eternal life; its surface is brilliantly colored in *cloisonne* enamels. A hatchet of gold, with a hunting scene embossed on the blade; a mirror, with a heavy lotus-shaped handle of gold, and a large variety of minor decorations for the person crowd this unrivaled case of antiquities. Two small models of funeral boats, with the rowers, all formed of silver, are even more precious in the eyes of the Egyptian student from their extreme rarity. The room is appropriately decorated, after the style of the tombs at Beni Hassan, and the whole arrangement honorable to the Viceroy and his curator; as he is still prosecuting new researches, and has prohibited wanton mischief to monuments, or the exportation of antiquities, it promises a useful guardianship in future over these interesting remains.

VOTE ON LAY REPRESENTATION.—We give below the returns from all the Conferences except the Southern Illinois, which have not yet come to hand:

CONFERENCES.	MINISTERS.		LAY.	
	For.	Against.	For.	Against.
Baltimore.....	22	34
East Baltimore.....	42	123	967	1,831
Philadelphia.....	109	102	2,659	2,024
New Jersey.....	32	76	961	974
Newark.....	31	77	729	878
New York.....	58	149	1,458	1,417
New York East.....	55	61	694	521
Providence.....	18	53	416	215
New England.....	42	65	747	392
Maine.....	30	49	223	252
East Maine.....	23	40	54	68
New Hampshire.....	31	46	329	310
Vermont.....	13	78	146	267
Troy.....	39	83	560	791
Black River.....	40	91	686	442
Oneida.....	54	64	794	403
East Genesee.....	62	52	733	325
Genesee.....	43	37	418	344
Wyoming.....	37	49	713	531
Pittsburg.....	35	142	1,930	4,257
Western Virginia.....	11	57	204	861
Erie.....	37	110	926	2,292
Ohio.....	24	104	1,102	3,506
North Ohio.....	22	80	886	2,056
Central Ohio.....	18	64	562	1,796
Cincinnati.....	29	58	756	1,622
Indiana.....	13	65	553	1,627
North Indiana.....	11	77	582	1,831
North-Western Indiana.....	19	59	233	1,040
South-Eastern Indiana.....	16	70	645	1,462
Michigan.....	18	61	590	855
Detroit.....	29	67	496	780
Illinois.....	32	85	1,098	2,601
Southern Illinois.....
Rock River.....	26	76	733	1,256
Central Illinois.....	24	79	640	1,284
Wisconsin.....	35	59	429	486
West Wisconsin.....	11	45	280	500
North-West Wisconsin.....	6	19	55	134
Iowa.....	18	60	600	1,410
Upper Iowa.....	35	63	502	1,152
Western Iowa.....	2	31	201	516
Kentucky.....	2	10
Minnesota.....	9	42	175	373
Missouri and Arkansas.....	5	16	3	3
Kansas.....	14	37	115	257
Nebraska.....	2	12	63	117
California.....	34	35	289	211
Oregon.....	18	13	49	88
		1,336	3,025	27,984 46,405

The lay vote has not been taken in the Baltimore and Kentucky Conferences.

Library Notices.

SEVERAL of the following notices were prepared for our March number, but were thrown out for want of space:

(1.) **ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.** By Bishop Colenso. 12mo. 262 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch has acquired large notoriety, not so much from any intrinsic ability in the work itself as from the strange spectacle of a bishop in the English Church striking hands with infidelity and laboring to undermine Christian faith in the revelation from God. The present volume purports to be the Epistle to the Romans "newly translated and explained from a missionary point of view." It is remarkable for strange modes of thought and strange assumptions. One assumption at the outset arrests our attention; namely, that there was no Church at Rome when this Epistle was written. With a man of such strange modes of thought as Colenso it avails nothing that those to whom St. Paul's letter is addressed are not only "in Rome," but also "the called of Jesus Christ," "beloved of God, called to be saints;" it was also a cause of thanksgiving to God on the part of the apostle "that your [their] faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." But even if these addresses were insufficient to prove the existence of a Church at Rome, the exhortations to relative and public Christian duties, as well as the Christian salutations contained in the last five chapters of the Epistle, demonstrate the existence of a body of Christians in Rome, organized in a manner approved by the apostle, for Christian fellowship and work. Yet Bishop Colenso tells us there was no Church there! and bases his "missionary-point-of-view" explanations of Romans upon this absurd assumption! Alas, for the heathen whose salvation depends upon the labors of such a "missionary Bishop!" Many of the notes are drawn from the most careful exegesis, and will strike the reader as possessing much point and force. Others, and by far the larger portion, possess no intrinsic value over those found in our current commentaries. And, on the whole, the author will be indebted for any success this work may have more to the notoriety he has obtained from his bold and bad attempt to destroy the historical credibility of the Pentateuch than from any intrinsic value in the book itself.

(2.) **AN ANSWER TO BISHOP COLENSO.** By M. Mahan, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Protestant Episcopal General Theological Seminary. 12mo. 114 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is a brief and hasty reply—not such a one as ought to be written and will yet be written—yet it sufficiently upsets the main points in Colenso's work on the Pentateuch.

(3.) **THE SOLDIER'S BOOK**, issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, is a pocket diary for accounts and memoranda for non-commissioned officers and privates of the United States volunteer and regular army.

Three or four pages are filled with such military regulations and information as is indispensable for a soldier to know. The balance is adapted to his accounts, and also to the recording of incidents and events, so as to comprise the military history of the individual. Not only is the book admirably adapted to the soldier's convenience, but such a book well filled would be an invaluable heir-loom in a family forever.

(4.) **MANUAL OF GEOLOGY: Treating of the Principles of the Science with Special Reference to American Geological History, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Schools of Science.** By James D. Dana, A. M., LL. D. 8vo. 797 pp. Finely Illustrated. \$4. Philadelphia: Theodore Bliss & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard—This is one of the most complete elementary works on Geology, copiously illustrated, and bringing down the subject so as to include the latest discoveries in the science. It can not fail to command the attention of all teachers and students in this department of science.

(5.) **CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD.** By Mrs. Oliphant. 8vo. 306 pp. Double columns. Cloth. 75 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mrs. Oliphant has written a most attractive history of Edward Irving, as we can testify from the reading. As an author of religious novels she has acquired a high reputation. But never having read one of her productions in this line we can not speak of them.

(6.) **THE ATTENDANCE OF CHILDREN ON THE PUBLIC WORSHIP OF GOD.** By Rev. J. M. Walden, of the Cincinnati Conference. Published by the Western Book Concern.—We wish a copy of this little tract could be placed in the hands of every Christian parent in the land. It is timely, pertinent, conclusive.

(7.) **GUNN'S NEW DOMESTIC PHYSICIAN, OR HOME-BOOK OF HEALTH.** By John C. Gunn, M. D.—This purports to be a new and enlarged edition of a work noticed by us some two years since. The best idea we can give of it in a brief space is to copy the title-page entire: "A Complete Guide for Families, giving many Valuable Suggestions for Avoiding Disease and Prolonging life, with Minute Directions in Cases of Emergency from Sudden Disease, Accidental Wounds, Poisoning, etc., and pointing out in Familiar Language the Causes, Symptoms, Treatment, and Cure of the Diseases Incident to Men, Women, and Children; together with a Treatise on the Passions and Emotions, such as Love, Hope, Joy, Affection, Anger, Jealousy, Grief, Fear, Despair, Avarice, Charity, Cheerfulness, Religion, etc., showing the Influence of the Mind on the Body as a Cause of Health or Disease. Also, a Complete Materia Medica, or list of all the Principal Remedies used in the Treatment of Disease, including nearly Three Hundred Medical Plants, Herbs, and Vegetable Remedies, with Descriptions of each and Directions for Preparing and Using them, with Supplementary Trea-

tises on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, and on Nursing the Sick and the Management of the Sick Room, with Hints on the Drainage of Premises, the Proper Ventilation of Dwellings, etc., making a large octavo volume of over 1,100 pages, with numerous Steel Engravings and Illustrations of Medicinal Plants, etc."

(8.) **CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.**—Nos. 57 and 58 received. 20 cents per No. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippenccott & Co.

(9.) **HOLLY'S COUNTRY SEATS;** containing *Lithographic Designs for Cottages, Villas, Mansions, etc.* By Henry Hudson Holly. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Small 4to. 171 pp. \$3 50.—To one who is about to erect for himself a residence three things are necessary: he must adapt his house to his necessities, he must confine himself within his means, and he must furnish his contractor with accurate plans and specifications. The size and condition of his family will determine the first, and for the last he must either get an architect to make his drawings for him or do it himself. In this case the present work will be of great assistance to him. It contains

thirty-four designs, showing the size and position of the rooms, a perspective of the buildings, estimates of the cost, and appearance of the premises as arranged in keeping with the style of architecture.

(10.) **PAMPHLETS.**—1. *Amenia Seminary*—Catalogue for 1862—Rev. A. J. Hunt, A. M., Principal, assisted by 6 teachers. This institution is located in Amenias, Dutchess county, N. Y.—2. *Minutes of the Wisconsin Conference for 1862*—President, Bishop Janes; Rev. S. W. Ford, Secretary.—3. *The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia*—second Annual Report of Managers—Resident physician, Emeline H. Cleveland, M. D.—4. *Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum*—twenty-fourth Annual Report—R. Hills, M. D., Superintendent, Columbus, O.—5. *Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb*—nineth Biennial Report—Philip G. Gillet, A. M., Principal, Jacksonville, Ill.—6. *Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum*—eighth Annual Report—Oscar C. Kendrick, M. D., Superintendent, Newburg, O.

(11.) **THE NATIONAL AMERICAN ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863.** 12mo. 700 pp. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.

Editor's Table.

PROTECTION.—Our earliest recollections cluster about a country cabin, with the tall maples in the yard and the poultry feeding around the door. And we well remember how, when a mere infant, we sat on the door-step eating our bread and butter, a motherly hen scratching in the sod near by, ran up and snatched the piece from our hands to our inexpressible astonishment and bursting grief. We were too timid to resist, and our dinner was lost. In the picture the case is reversed. The little cur, who has rushed up from behind to attack the hen, meets with unexpected opposition, as she turns herself about, and, instead of offering attack, he is compelled to defend himself from it. He is afraid either to advance or to retreat, and is altogether "in a bad fix." Nor is there any shelter to which the hen may retire. The barren heath and the naked rocks are about her, and she is the braver for it. The little chicks seem to be confident in their protection, and are pecking at the straw, careless and secure. We venture to say that the cur will take the first chance to escape, and that his confidence in himself and his impudent look will be quite subdued when he gets off, while the hen will cluck with delight at his discomfiture. S. W. W.

RESUMPTION OF DIVIDENDS FROM THE BOOK CONCERN.—The Book Agents at New York have resumed the dividends to the Annual Conferences with the consent and by advice of the Book Committee. The amount apportioned to each of the 49 Conferences is \$400. The Agents of the Western Concern also would have declared a dividend probably had it not been deemed advisable to make a large outlay, amounting to some \$12,000 or \$15,000 for much-needed buildings and presses to keep pace with the increasing business at Chicago. We think it not improbable that next year will witness a dividend from both the Eastern

and Western Concerns. These dividends were discontinued ten years ago in consequence of the large amount paid to the South after its withdrawal. Their resumption now affords food for a little reflection.

In 1853 the Annual Exhibits of the Agents of the Methodist Book Concern showed the following results:

Net Capital in the East.....	\$643,670 92
Reductions to bring to cash value.....	207,840 95
Balance.....	\$435,829 97
Net Capital in the West.....	226,171 78
Total actual Capital in 1863.....	\$662,001 75

In the settlement with the South the following amounts have been drawn from the capital of the Concerns:

From New York, in cash.....	\$191,000 00
" " " " stock, etc., about.....	30,000 00
From the Western.....	92,926 61
Total.....	\$313,926 61

We need hardly inquire what has become of this great fund. Even before the rebellion involved the whole South in the whirlwind of ruin the prodigal had wasted his ill-gotten substance. According to the terms of the contract the last payment from New York became due the South, February 1, 1862. In one year from that time the payment of dividends is resumed. This is a significant fact.

By the late Exhibits for the Eastern and Western Book Concerns we find the following results:

Net Capital in the East—1862.....	\$461,964 95
" " " " West—1863.....	263,112 24
Total East and West.....	\$725,077 19
Add for probable net gain in N. Y. to 1863...	20,000 00
Total net Capital in 1863.....	\$745,077 19

Thus we find that the General Book Concern has during the past ten years paid from its earnings the

entire claim of the South, amounting to \$313,926.61, and increased its actual capital not less than \$83,068.44. This increase of capital is, no doubt, made necessary in consequence of the largely-increased business of the Book Concern. The profits then for the past ten years foot up in general terms about as follows:

Total amount paid the South.....	\$313,926 61
Increase of capital stock.....	83,068 44

Total.....	\$396,995 05
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This does not include the amounts paid out annually for the salaries and traveling expenses of the Bishops, nor yet the other large sums specially ordered by the General Conference. These results can not be otherwise than gratifying and encouraging to all lovers of the Church. We commend them especially to the attention of our old friend, Dr. Coombe. We will not quarrel with him over his quotation marks, but his figures and conclusions are sadly out of joint in the light of the above facts. God grant that our great publishing establishments may ever remain true to their purpose, and be a right-arm of power in the Church forever!

MEETING OF THE WESTERN BOOK COMMITTEE.—

The annual meeting of the Book Committee for the West was of more than usual interest. The utmost harmony, confidence, and enthusiasm characterized the entire body. The last General Conference wisely enlarged the Committee, so as to embrace the entire West in its representation. Its composition is as follows: Ohio Conference, Rev. J. M. Trimble; Cincinnati and Kentucky, Rev. J. T. Mitchell; Central and North Ohio, Rev. E. C. Gavitt; Indiana and South-Eastern Indiana, Rev. John Kiger; North and North-Western Indiana, Rev. O. V. Lemon; Detroit and Michigan, Rev. W. E. Bigelow; Illinois and Southern Illinois, Rev. Peter Cartwright; Rock River and Central Illinois, Rev. Richard Haney; Iowa and Upper Iowa, Rev. Thomas E. Corkhill; Wisconsin, West Wisconsin, and Minnesota, Rev. B. F. Crary; Missouri and Arkansas, Kansas, and Nebraska, Rev. Samuel Huffman. All the members were present except brothers Cartwright and Kiger—the former being detained probably by the growing infirmities of age, the latter being absent from home in the service of his country. Dr. Elliott, of the Central, and Dr. Eddy, of the North-Western, were both present in good health and in excellent spirits. The facilities for business are to be much increased at Chicago, and it can scarcely be doubted that those facilities will bring a corresponding increase of business. The Central is to be sustained till the ensuing General Conference.

GRACE ABBOT.—This little story will come home still closer to the hearts of our readers when they know that it was a dying bequest from one who bade fair to take rank among our best contributors. The story is simply told in a note which accompanied the article:

My sister—Lydia A. Tompkins—before her death, which was on the 1st of February, 1863, requested me to copy "Grace Abbot" and send it to the Repository. After protracted suffering she peacefully yielded up her spirit to the God who gave it, and I trust she is now with her Savior.

A NOTE FROM THE FEDERAL LINES.—As our lines move southward one after another, pent up in rebel-

dom, is again permitted to breathe the free air and to communicate with the world outside. An excerpt from a letter of this description tells its own story:

Through the kindness of a Federal officer I am once more privileged to communicate with the Repository, and through the same instrumentality I am permitted to correspond with my home friends, up to this time having never heard from them since the war commenced. My husband was ordered away under the Confederate Conscription Act last May, and, as all communication between this place and the Southern army was then cut off, I have never heard from him since. Of course he has no chance of sending me means or money, and with poor health and a broken spirit I have tried to sustain myself and child by teaching a few day-scholars, the number being so limited as barely to afford me a support. But I will not trouble you with private history. If you could see the actual suffering in this vicinity you would then know what secession has done for the South. This one village is but a representation of the entire desolation of the country. I am surrounded by soldiers, camps, and hospitals, and if at any time you have space to devote to that purpose, I will send you brief jottings concerning the same. I am anxious to receive the January number of the Repository. Please send it with any other communication to Col. ———, N. Y. Vols., ———. He is stationed here, and I shall certainly receive any thing directed to him. Of course, as a citizen here, I am allowed no post-office privileges.

A NOTE FROM KENTUCKY.—Here is a note from one recently returned from a residence in a free State to her native home:

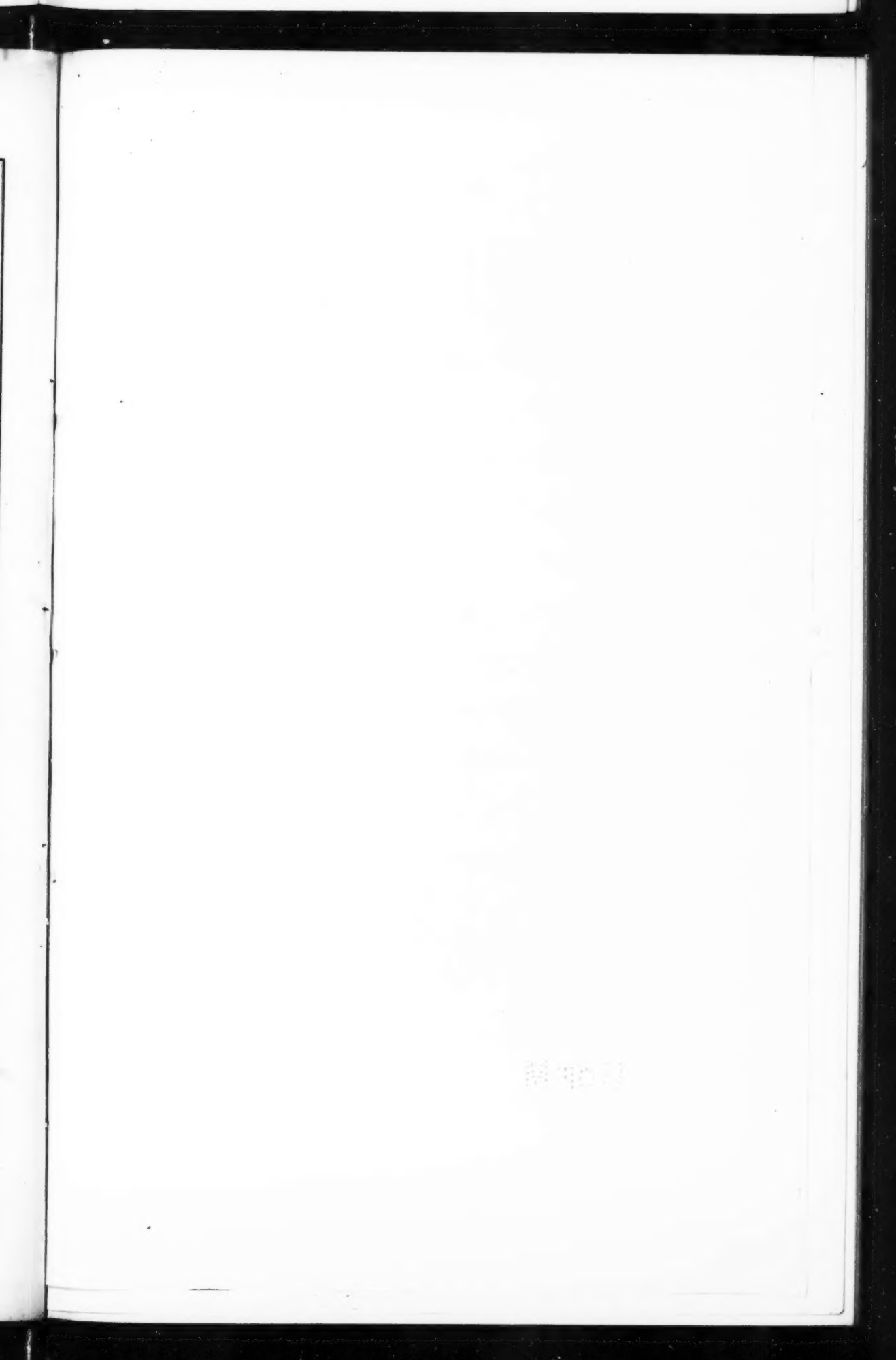
I thought I should get you quite a "club" here among my friends, but your magazine breathes too free an atmosphere to suit the people of Kentucky any where. I dislike ——— exceedingly after so long a residence in Indiana, although it is the place of my nativity. Slavery seems to taint each breath of air one breathes here, and professed Unionists like not to see the beloved "institution" interfered with.

THE REPOSITORY IN OUR OWN HOME.—We commend the following note to all young married people who are just setting up for themselves in life. The allusion to the little faces grouped together will find a response in many a heart:

I can not tell you how gladly I welcomed you for the first time to our own home at the beginning of this new year. During the year previous I had never even caught a glimpse of you, but when we were settled at last, and one evening my husband brought the Repository to me as my New-Year's gift, and I took it in my trembling fingers and turned the dear pages so familiar from my childhood, and I thought of the faces that had been grouped so near to mine as we read together, now scattered like the Autumn leaves—some underneath the January snows—the tears blinded my eyes, while my heart thanked God that I had so beautiful a memento of the past. I thought as I sat with my sewing by the fire while my husband read Prof. Winchell's "Voices from Nature," "Wonder if any other heart is made so happy to-night by that little volume? If so, how rich a blessing must rest upon it!"

HOW BEREAVEMENT CHASTENS US.—A correspondent, not unknown to our readers, says:

Since I have written to you I have been a mother. I was happy as I pressed my twin-born babes to my heart—God only knows how happy—but it was only for a little time; but God is good, and his will be done. The earth seems none the less beautiful as the work of God, but heaven far more exceeding in glory, as my heart's treasures are gathered one by one within the gates of the Eternal City. Mine is a wayward heart; it needs a cord from every side to bind it to the throne.





VIEW NEAR DERWENT WATER, LODORE

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